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The Week

GERMANY has come to the end of her rope. With the consent of the Ruhr industrialists and workers, and representatives of nearly all other important groups in Germany, Stresemann has decided to abandon passive resistance "immediately and unconditionally." As we go to press, the action has not received official ratification, but no one doubts that this will follow. Germany surrenders, not because she wants to, but because she has to. Her currency is worthless. Her government is threatened by a revolution by the Monarchists or the Communists, or both. She cannot longer pay the idle workmen in the Ruhr, and she is at last convinced that no concessions are to be had from M. Poincaré. Her choice was surrender now or surrender and disaster a little later.

AT the end of last week, Stresemann played his desperate last card. He whittled down the terms of Germany's surrender to three conditions: the release of political prisoners, return of deportees, and restoration of German sovereignty in the occupied territory. If these terms had proved acceptable, the Cuno-Stresemann offer of a mortgage on all German industry to guarantee ultimate payment would have been revived, and an extraordinary effort would have been made to raise an immediate cash sum for France. To this proposal M. Poincaré replied, informally but decisively, in his speeches last Sunday, reiterating the French position. Thereafter, the end came even more suddenly than had been expected.

THE acid test of French policy is now at hand. While Germany has not as we write made a new offer, based on the fact of complete surrender, a proposal is sure to come. The conditions which, in her own interest, she should propose, are discussed at length elsewhere in this issue. Whatever terms she may offer, however, will force M. Poincaré, for the first time, to show his hand. Does he want Germany destroyed, or does he want Germany kept alive in order to pay reparations? He will no longer be able to mask his intentions, whatever they are, behind a legalistic formula which has no relation to the facts of the case. He must answer; and upon that answer hangs the fate of Europe for decades to come.

THE German surrender throws a white light upon the action of Mr. Baldwin in conferring with M. Poincaré last week in Paris. His conference was so amicable that the French press hailed it as a veritable "love feast," restoring the entente to a basis of complete harmony; and the London liberal papers accepted this view to the extent of criticising the Prime Minister vigorously for abandoning the policy laid down in the Curzon notes of July and August. But that policy, it is now clear, is as dead as Rameses. Mr. Baldwin has not so much decided upon a new policy as he has made up his mind not to do anything hostile to France. He saw the German surrender coming; but he realized that in international relationships that event is not so much an end as a beginning. The Stresemann government is doomed; what is to succeed it? Great Britain is as much concerned in that question as France. Mr. Bald-

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win evidently decided that he must keep the channels of communication with Paris open, against the day when Great Britain and France must act together if France is not to act alone. It is hard, indeed, to see what else he can do at this juncture.

FROM Moscow come lurid tales of the arrival of German Communist emissaries, declaring that the hour for revolution has struck and urging Russia to lend her assistance. While there may be a faction in the German Communist party which wants an immediate revolution, and a group in Moscow willing to aid, in both cases saner counsels are likely to prevail. No one thinks more cynically about real-politik than the Communist. The party in Germany is hardly likely to take possession of a house which is rapidly burning down. After the ruins have cooled, it will be a different story. As for Russian aid, it will certainly not be granted until the Soviet government is convinced that all hope of maintaining the present status in Germany is past. The Russian Communists continue to talk about the desirability of world revolution, just as American Democrats continue to talk about the desirability of joining the League of Nations; but the first problem confronting Moscow is internal reconstruction, and for this, stable conditions in Europe such as promote export and import trade will be far more useful than the introduction of a revolutionary regime which will throw the economic machinery out of gear for years to come.

TENSION has been high at Geneva during a week which has been one of the most momentous since 1918. The clash between Lord Robert Cecil and Signor Salandra as to whether the League should deliver an explicit rebuke to Italy for seizing Corfu came within a hair's breadth of causing the withdrawal of Mussolini's delegate. The censure was at last modified into a general statement that member nations must not do what Italy did; though reference to the latter by name is carefully avoided. Meanwhile, a committee of experts has gone to work on an exact definition of the limits of the League's jurisdiction in such matters as the Italian-Greek crisis. With its recent hairbreadth escape still fresh in memory it is perhaps not surprising that the delegates should ignore the appeal of 20,000,000 union labor men throughout the world for immediate intervention in the reparations question, even when backed by such eloquence as that of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen and Professor Gilbert Murray. France cares more about the continuance of her German policy than she does about the existence of the League. She would destroy the influence of the latter without hesitation by withdrawing and leaving it only an alliance between Great Britain and the little nations, if she deemed this necessary.

DESPITE the lack of results, it has been long since the Assembly of the League of Nations has listened to so moving a plea as that by Professor Murray, appealing in the name of the International Federation of Trade Unions to the interested powers to settle the reparations question or lay it before the League for settlement. He said to England and France:

> You have failed after four years to settle this hideous problem, while the world is filled with dread for the future. In those four years the League has grappled with the great scourges that devastate mankind, has repatriated hundreds of thousands of war prisoners, stopped epidemics, saved refugees, fed famine stricken multitudes and checked the traffic in white slaves. But to what profit is all this if the single unsolved problem hangs over us, leading Europe toward calamity and despair?

ONE sentence in Professor Murray's address is pregnant with prophecy. "I know that in history there has been no surer mode of sowing the seeds of war than through the occupation of the territory of any nation by a foreign power." The fruits of the occupation of the Ruhr are numbered as follows: deaths 130, including ten Germans sentenced to capital punishment by French court-martial; prison sentences aggregating 1,500 years; 145,000 people evicted from their homes, of whom 131,000 were sent into exile, not to speak of upwards of 300,000 children whom the Germans themselves have sent away that they may be fed. We do not believe that, apart from a small group of Bourbons, the people of the United States approve this horror. Nevertheless they show a complacency toward it which allows Poincaré to say without contradiction that public opinion in this country upholds him.

OFFICIAL reports from Bulgaria charge the recent popular uprising to the machinations of Moscow. The revolt against the bloody-handed Zankoff government at Sofia, if the despatches are correct, is, indeed, equally divided between the peasants and the old Communist party, and it is possible that the Communists have taken the initiative. But the coalition of these formerly hostile factions may be only another instance of the strange bedfellows created by a common hatred; for anti-Communist peasants have quite as much reason to dislike the present regime as have the radicals. We may as well bear in mind that whatever the facts may be, the Zankoff government has every reason to give them a Bolshevist color. That is a way of strengthening their moral position with the western powers, and of securing tolerance for a stronger military program than is authorized under the treaty. It remains to be shown which party is the more menacing to the peace of the Balkans: the peasants and work-

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men, whether allied with Moscow or not, or the Fascist faction of Zankoff.

BOTH from Italy and Spain the week's budget of news is on the whole fairly reassuring. General Rivera, though he has abolished trial by jury, has lifted the press censorship. His economy campaign, it is announced, is to begin in the place most embarrassing to a dictator: the army, which is so overrun with needless commanders it costs twice as much to maintain the officers as the troops. The chief point in the Rivera policy is to get as many Moroccans murdered as possible, and in the shortest possible time. As for Mussolini, he has accepted the compromise whereby the League of Nations does not rebuke Italy for the Corfu adventure but does speak harshly to some imaginary state seizing an imaginary island in the same way. The negotiations with Jugoslavia over Fiume are continuing in an atmosphere of moderation. The Jugoslavs have rejected the Italian plan but are conciliatory. In fact, a military, political and economic alliance between the two enemies is being talked of; and the chief hindrance, we are told, is the fear that the Pachitch government may not survive long enough to see it through. The plain fact probably is that France and England have ordered the two Mediterranean nations to come to an agreement. England undoubtedly objects to any terms which mean an absolutely Italian rule in Fiume. The British are more and more perturbed as Mussolini shows signs of wishing to make not merely the Adriatic but the Mediterranean an Italian lake—which would be extremely awkward for British communications with India and the Far East in general.

TWO questions which are fast becoming hardy perennials, prohibition and the problem of the wheat farmer, are again to the fore in the week's domestic news. President Coolidge has called a conference of all the governors to meet in Washington in October and discuss a number of questions of which prohibition enforcement is chief. The Federal Council of Churches has also summoned a conference in Washington, October 14 to 16, on the same subject. Its announcement takes a decidedly lugubrious tone, declaring that violations of law are increasing and that the country is threatened with mob rule. As a footnote to this declaration, Bird S. Coler, New York City's Commissioner of Public Welfare, has issued a statement announcing that the proportion of alcoholic cases to all others in the city hospitals has doubled since 1919.

VALORIZATION is again to the fore in the discussion of the wheat farmer's troubles, though in modified form. A group of bankers from the northwest asks that the United States Grain Corporation be restored and equipped with $50,000,000 of government money. They would have it buy the farmer's wheat, paying partly in cash and partly in scrip redeemable at the end of the marketing season. The most notable fact about this proposal is its moderation in demanding only $50,000,000 of government money for a scheme so vast. Representative Sydney Anderson of Minnesota, chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee of Agricultural Inquiry, has a plan even simpler. He would have the tariff on Canadian wheat increased fifty percent under the flexible provision of the Fordney-McCumber law. The only thing he omits in this ingenious proposal is to explain how a tariff on incoming wheat is going to help the farmers who themselves produce a very large surplus each year to be shipped abroad.

THE near-war in Oklahoma, Senator Underwood's statement on the League, and fresh scandals over the flogging of convicts in Alabama are other interesting developments in the week's domestic news. As we go to press, Governor Walton summons the people of the state to resist by force of arms the meeting of the legislature to impeach him. Governor Brandon of Alabama has also distinguished himself—by doing everything in his power to block an investigation of the restored use of the lash on convicts. Senator Underwood, denying a Chicago Tribune report that he had abandoned the League of Nations, nevertheless insists that the Democrats do not regard it as an issue in the 1924 campaign. The Shipping Board, told by Attorney General Daugherty that it may not exchange ships for stock in operating companies, begins again the weary process of seeking to dispose of its white elephant fleet. Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont of the National Woman's Party, has come out for a government by women, of women, and for women, children and humanity. The best mere males may hope is that somehow they may crawl into the last category.

THE pressmen's strike in New York which left the city without dailies for twenty-four hours, and continues, as we go to press, to reduce the journalistic pabulum to an inadequate number of condensed papers, is a good illustration of the intricate relationships involved today in trade unionism among highly skilled workers. This has been an "outlaw" strike. The local organization called out its men without the approval of the International Pressmen's and Assistants' Union, of which it is a member. The latter felt itself bound by its precedents to take the side of the employers and furnish, if it could, "strike breakers" to man the deserted presses. The International president, Major George L. Berry, disregarded the local and signed

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a year's contract with the publishers. He secured several of the terms which were demanded by the men when they struck, and arranged for arbitration for their other claims. He thereupon invited the strikers to come back to work as members of the International; but at least temporarily, group-loyalty has proved superior to economic interest, and the "outlaws" have remained idle.

THE International organization exists by virtue of its ability to get on with employing printers throughout the country. It is concerned with raising wages and bettering working conditions everywhere, little by little, and is not disposed to risk its prestige in a death struggle in a single community. The New York pressmen have fought the publishers several times in recent years with virtually no aid from the International. The latter managed, however, to persuade the New York local to accept the arbitration award of United States Circuit Judge Martin T. Manton, early in 1922—an award which left the men with a rankling sense of injustice, and was a chief factor in producing the strike last week. Judge Manton reduced wages by an aggregate sum estimated at $6,500,000, increased the working hours, and cut the number of men allotted to each press. The new terms now secured by Major Berry wipe out most of the conditions that were made in the Manton decision.

SCHOOLS of journalism are hereby referred to the miniature newspapers published during the strike as an object lesson in the comparative value of various editorial features, as judged by the publishers themselves when confronted by the necessity for reducing a thirty-six or forty-six page paper to one fifth its normal size. The first thing to go was the supposedly sacred editorial page. Sporting and stock market news was cut to about one fourth its usual bulk. General news was also largely condensed, while the sacred society section, the comic strips and the lucubrations of the "colyumists" flourished as before. We grieve to report a general verdict by a number of persons interrogated by the New Republic's own "Inquiring Reporter," that eight pages are infinitely preferable to forty. Some calloused souls went so far as to aver that the twenty-four hour interregnum when no papers were produced was a heavenly relief and added so far as they were concerned they hoped the strike would last forever. We can only add that this seems to us ill-timed and irreverent jesting on a sacred subject.

NOT since the time of the Zeppelin raids has there been so much interest in the dirigible. Where the Navy-Curtiss planes are making unheard-of speed records on the one hand, the ZR-1 is competing as the most successful lighter-than-air machine to date. Plans are made for another dirigible constructed in the German factories to travel across the Atlantic next month to join the American air-fleet. There is talk of a polar expedition for the ZR-1. Explosions, wrecks, expense in making, and anti-air craft guns have been formidable objections, but engineers and military planners continue to be impressed by the dirigible's ability to furnish large-scale transportation and its ease of control as a reason for perfecting it rather than letting it die like the prehistoric monsters that it suggests.

THE glorious blessings of unrestricted private competition are well illustrated by the oil boom in Southern California, discussed at the Los Angeles meeting of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists a few days ago. The enormous oil deposits discovered within the last year or two might have been an important addition to our dwindling source of supply for decades to come. But California went oil crazy. Fly-by-night promoters gathered in Los Angeles from all parts of the country. Not only did they sell worthless stock to the extent of millions of dollars, drawing their victims as always from persons of moderate means who could ill afford to lose; but a huge number of economically needless and undesirable wells have actually been sunk into the oil strata. The first result has been a huge overproduction, which has temporarily confronted the whole American industry with bankruptcy. The second has been the depletion of oil resources. Max W. Ball, president of the Geologists' Association declares that the peak of production in the new fields has already been passed. Soon they will be only a memory. All this will some day make an amusing paragraph in an historical textbook describing the days when the people, collectively, had not yet discovered common sense.

What Will Happen in Germany?

THERE could be only one final result of the negotiations which have been taking place between the French and the German governments. The Germans have decided to abandon passive resistance and to place themselves entirely at the mercy of their enemies. They hoped to keep a little self-respect by saving the inhabitants of the Ruhr and the Rhineland, who are being punished for acts of passive resistance, from the penalties of their patriotic obedience, but M. Poincaré has refused them even this ordinary human concession. Under the circumstances he considers it of the utmost importance to punish German

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subjects for daring to assert their independence and to disobey the will of the French government. The words generosity and forbearance are no longer contained in the French political vocabulary. Not only must the Germans travel to Canossa, but they must crawl up the long steep avenue to the pontiff's throne, knowing well that, when they arrive, he will treat them with contumely and contempt.

What will happen now that they admit themselves beaten and helpless? Sooner or later there is bound to follow some measure of political dismemberment, social disintegration, moral despair and the violence of desperation, but whether sooner or later is at present doubtful. The violence may not develop until next spring. Germany may pass through an intermediate phase of hesitation and underground preparation. The terms which the French intend to impose will be too drastic and humiliating for an honest German government to accept. If by any chance a dishonest government should agree to carry them out, the publication of the agreement would probably be the signal for monarchist groups to raise flags of defiance and revolt in Bavaria and East Prussia. But there would be an alternative course of action open to the unhappy German government which had to choose between final capitulation and a desperate revolution. It could serve notice upon France, Great Britain and Italy that any government which accepted the French terms was bound to perish and that the signatories of the Treaty of Versailles must either take over the job of governing Germany or else modify the terms.

The serving of such a notice would introduce a new and for France an extremely troublesome factor into the negotiations among the former Allies about the future of Germany. Probably it would result eventually in the establishment of an international government for Germany similar to that which the League of Nations has already set up in Austria. But there would be stubborn difficulties to overcome. The attempt to work out in detail a plan for the financial reconstruction of Germany which a committee of the Allies including Great Britain would officially adopt and agree to impose on the German nation would revive in an acute form all the disagreements in policy between the French and British governments which the French occupation of the Ruhr brought to the surface. We do not believe that at present the two governments could agree upon a common policy. Great Britain could not accept responsibility for a government for Germany which was pledged to act as the accomplice of M. Poincaré. If ever a government for Germany is set up which, like the government of the League of Nations in Austria, is intended to bring about the financial and economic reconstruction of the subject people, its establishment will be the equivalent to the triumph of British over French policy. Obviously M. Poincaré will not allow such a triumph to occur until he has exhausted every means at his disposal to prevent it.

What means can he summon to prevent it? If the Germans declare their inability to govern their own country on the terms which he proposes, and if the British refuse any share in the government of Germany also on the terms which he proposes, it looks as if he would be forced either to govern Germany himself with French bayonets or else modify his terms. Inasmuch as he could hardly undertake the job of governing Germany, he will in the end be obliged to modify his terms. But when that time comes he will intrigue, fight and labor to minimize the necessity. He will follow the example set by M. Clemenceau at Versailles. In so far as he cannot get exactly what he wants, he will try to introduce seductive ambiguities into the plan which will dangle the possibility of recovery before the Germans and Englishmen and at the same time provide future French diplomacy with the means of preventing it from taking place. In this enterprise he will have under the circumstances a fair chance of succeeding.

American public opinion should look forward to a convulsive winter in Central Europe and to dramatic appeals for sympathy and assistance. As soon as the Allies start to set up an international government for Germany, London, Rome, Berlin and perhaps Paris will use all their arts of persuasion and coercion to bring about American participation. Probably the Coolidge administration will refuse unconditionally, but what we should like to see it do is to refuse conditionally —that is, to make its acceptance depend upon one salutary iron-clad assurance. The only international government in which the United States could even consider participating would be a government which would be free to consider the reconstruction of the German commonwealth and the welfare of the German people as the sole object of its policy.

The "Irrepressible Conflict" in Coal

IF alternations between amiability and violence and the deliberate evasion of a clear but costly responsibility are symptoms of weakness of character, the United States Coal Commission betrays itself as pitifully weak in its discussion of the relation between civil liberties and the violations of law and order in the coal country. Its exposition of the divergent "rights" of the several parties and of the humanly comprehensible ways in which divergence develops into conflict, conflict into war

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and war into a policy of mutual extermination is a masterpiece of amiable understanding. But the Commission uses understanding not as the anteroom to constructive suggestion and action, but as a sufficient excuse for perching itself safely and irresponsibly on the fence. It states impartially the issue between the non-union operators and the union, but it refuses to pass judgment and to propose a way out; and although it does not indicate what acts of legislation or decisions of public opinion can precipitate a tangible public interest out of this seething mass of conflicting rights, it is bold even to the point of violence in invoking the use of the police power to rescue the commonwealth from the inevitable consequences of its own and the prevailing indecision. If the conflict which it characterizes as irrepressible, yet which it refuses to discuss on its merits, results in a strike and a stoppage in the coal supply, the Commission threatens both sides with "the army and the penitentiary."

The closed company towns in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and elsewhere, the armed thugs, the deputy sheriffs privately paid by the employers, the "yellow dog" contracts, the evictions and all the other familiar war measures of the non-union operators, the Commission regards with proper reprobation. But it explains them as the natural consequence, under the other conditions obtaining, of the efforts of the operators to exercise their "right" to run non-union shops. It explains the attempt to organize these mines as the result of a legitimate desire of the union to protect the union operators and their own standard of wages and of work from the competition of the unorganized mines. The outbreaks of violence in such cases, although local traditions contribute, it attributes to the attack on established non-unionism by aggressive unionism. It does not propose to cure this violence by striking at its cause. Having traced the way in which the conflict and the disorder originate, it leaves them just where it finds them and pictures the community as their incompetent victim, which has no answer to return to violence except moral exhortations or counter-violence.

"All justice is human and fallible," says the Commission. "Always its enforcement depends upon the education, environment, and heredity of the people who are called upon to enforce it." Later it adds: "For years this irresponsible conflict between the undoubted right of a man to operate his property as he pleases in America and the undoubted right of a man to organize for collective bargaining with reference to wages and working conditions has gone on. Principles of government, acknowledged, admitted, have been tossed into the scrap heap every time they have faced actual conditions. The law has been, is now, and ever will be but an average of the judgment and conscience of the community." Finally the issue is stated. "The non-union operators and miners have suggested: 'Break up the United Mine Workers of America and all will be well with the world.' The United Mine Workers of America have said: 'Unionize all the mines and peace will brood over a war-torn industry.' "

We have, then, the background of human and fallible justice. We have an "irrepressible conflict" between the right of wage earners to organize and the right of employers to prevent organization, which is usually regarded by the contestants as more important that the reign of civil law. We have an impressive record of the flouting of law and justice whenever this issue is raised. The syllogism is complete, but it is also disastrous. How does the Commission propose to protect its clients, the public, against the disaster? By attempting to evaluate the conflicting rights, decide which should prevail, and how far, and by what means? Not at all. Rather it advises such vague courses as "compromise" or a "yielding" of rights as far as is "expedient" which may mean anything or nothing. It enunciates the conflicting rights all over again. It proposes more conscientious local governments. It urges the culprits to be more than human and less than fallible. It touches bottom by visiting as much condemnation on lax local government which "has seemed to render it necessary" to employ strike-breaking gunmen, as it does upon the efforts of "strangers" to instruct the miners as to what their rights and duties are. Finally it retires to Olympus and with Jovian thunder threatens to invoke, if nothing else suffices, "the solemn duty of the Congress of the United States to assume jurisdiction over American rights, bringing the full power of the Union to their preservation." Thus in the last resort Congress is to save the country by exerting its full power to preserve intact the rights whose irrepressible conflict is wrecking civil liberty.

The phrase "irrepressible conflict" suggests an analogy to which the Commission itself calls attention. "The condition," it declares, "resembles the conflict between the definition in the Declaration of Independence concerning human rights and the then clearly constitutional right of human slavery." There is, we believe, a suggestive similarity between the two cases. The war between the states was the outcome of the incompatibility between two systems of conflicting rights both of which claimed to be the pure milk of Americanism. According to the Commission it took a fratricidal war to "solve the problem," because "the great mass of those arrayed upon either side were unwilling to compromise or adjust." On the contrary it took a fratricidal war to solve the problem largely because the great mass of those arrayed on both sides could devise no way to deal with it save by compromises which

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ignored the merits of the issue. In this historic conflict one side, the side of those who believed Negro slavery incompatible with American democracy, was much more right than the other; and no permanent solution was possible until slavery, woven though it was into the fabric of the Constitution, was declared un-American and was started down hill on the road to gradual extinction. Compromises such as those of 1817 and 1850 might postpone the advent of war, but nothing could prevent the conflict save the active resolution by preponderant American opinion that, if the United States were to remain a democracy, its law must abolish property in human beings.

So it is with this "irrepressible conflict" of today. The "right" of wage earners to organize is either futile or disastrous if their employers possess an equally sacred right, derived from the principle that industry is fundamentally private property, to prevent them from organizing and to use coercion as the means to that end. In point of fact American employers do prevent their wage-earners by one form of coercion or another from trying to unionize fully two-thirds of American business. No compromise will set up a satisfactory adjustment between these two antagonistic "rights." There can be no "adjustment" without a decision. The more highly industrialized European nations have reached a decision. They regard business as a public function rather than a private right, and they regard it as of more public importance that the wage-earners should be allowed to organize as they please than that the employer should be allowed to do as he pleases with his property. The American nation as a whole has as yet refused to take sides. The Coal Commission by evading the decision and by enveloping its evasion in a cloud of pompous words has only reflected the prevailing attitude of mind. It will be as impossible for the American people to continue their evasion of this issue as it was for them to evade that of slavery. They are being confronted by warfare between two types of industrial government both of which cannot exist side by side in one competitive industry without grave economic and political disorder. The public needs an authoritative answer to the question whether one form or the other should persist and why. As a consequence of avoiding a judgment upon the issue as it comes up in the vital industry of mining coal, the Commission, in spite of its impartiality and its accessibility to evidence from every source, will have accomplished little or nothing to improve the morale of the industry. It has missed a rare opportunity of educating the American people to discern the nature of the public interest in relation to this fundamental conflict and how they can assert it without the appeal to violence either by the belligerents or by the state.

Thin Whitewash for France

IN the current issue of Foreign Affairs appears an article entitled Reparations and the Policy of Repudiation: an American View, over the pseudonym Alpha. The editors of the magazine plainly regard the article as of great weight. Who Alpha is they do not tell us, but the internal evidence indicates that he is not an economist but most likely a lawyer, perhaps having some official experience, either on the peace commission or on some post-war administrative body. His arguments are, however, bolstered up with a great show of economic analysis and are worth examination, as representing about the best that can be done in defence of the literal execution of the reparations clauses of the Treaty.

The chief point in his argument is that critics of the Treaty, in their solicitude over the burdens imposed on Germany, have ignored the burdens resting on France. The German per capita debt is $928, including the entire reparation debt of $31,400,000,000, as fixed by the London agreement, and counting all pre-war, war and post-war debt at the gold value of the time of issue. The French debt is $816 per capita, not counting the cost of future reparation requirements and pensions. If these items are counted the French per capita is $990. If allowance is made for German pensions on the same basis as the French, the German debt would be increased to $988 per capita, or slightly less than the French. The burden on either people is all but intolerable. The carrying charge amounts to 70 percent of the pre-war savings of both French and Germans. Is it not apparent, then, that if Germany is let off on any considerable part of the reparations, the burden will be heavier on the French than on the Germans? Disregard the fact that the Germans wronged and the French suffered wrong; what justification is there for requiring the victor to bear a heavier burden than is born by the vanquished?

The German debt of $988 per capita consists of about $500 external obligations (indemnity) and a remainder of internal obligations actually extinct. The only reason we can give for Alpha's including this imaginary item is his desire to appear scrupulously fair. The French per capita of $990 includes about $200 of external debt—the British and American war loans—the remainder consisting of internal debt taken at gold value at date of issue. Thus the German debt is in far larger proportion external, the French internal—a difference which practically all economists regard as of decisive importance. Alpha does not. "An internal debt is the same as an external, so far as the taxpayer is concerned."

Let us see. We are talking of the average burden upon the taxpayer. The French taxpayer has a debt liability of $990. But as he owes the

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internal debt to himself, he has on the average assets, consisting of government bonds, amounting to $790. He has to bear an average carrying charge of 70 percent of his pre-war savings. But he gets back four-fifths of that sum in interest on the bonds he holds. It is ridiculous to talk, as Alpha does, of the curtailment of saving capacity represented by the domestic debt. The average Frenchman finds his saving capacity reduced by the amount he has to pay in the carrying charges of the debt, but increased by the amount he gets back in interest. If the French were actually paying interest on their external debt, the amount of interest would be less than that of the carrying charge. But the French are not paying interest and do not intend to do so.

It may be said quite properly, that the average Frenchman is a myth; that all Frenchmen are paying taxes and not all of them are receiving interest on government bonds. The adjustment of the interests of taxpayer and bond holder is an internal political problem of great difficulty. Such problems have often wrecked governments in the past and may wreck the French government in the future. But they have no bearing on the internal economic strength of the nation. Payment or repudiation of an internal debt does not diminish or increase the real economic values at the disposal of a people. The French people will have the same average supply of food, clothing and whatever else they consume no matter how their internal debt is handled. The German people can pay their reparations debt only by cutting down on their consumption to the poverty limit. We submit that if Alpha can see no difference here he is seriously disqualified for the discussion of economic problems.

We get no light on the amount Germany ought to pay, or can pay, from any sophistical comparison of relative debt burdens. What Germany ought to pay was established in one way by the pre-armistice agreement on which Germany laid down her arms and in another way by the Treaty of Versailles, dictated to an unarmed foe. By the first agreement Germany assumed liability for material damage and personal injury to the Allied civil populations. By the Treaty she was compelled to add to these items that of pensions and separation allowances for the Allied soldiers and their families. The reparations account was increased by about 100 percent by the inclusion of these items, and "reparations" became merely a hypocritical expression for indemnity. The question became solely one of what could be extorted from Germany, not one of what Germany ought to pay. It is therefore beside the point to consider whether the French bill for damages to property was inflated or not. Still, it is worth noting that Alpha scores a point on Keynes, in showing that the claim for houses destroyed was $2,300, not $9,100. We may assume that the French claims included a good margin for "mental anguish," but we are glad to know that they were not so conscienceless as we had been led to suppose.

But to get down to the main point: How much can Germany actually pay? Alpha agrees with most other investigators in assuming that her present paying capacity is virtually zero. But the reparations question points to the future. How much will Germany be able to pay in a decade, or in a generation? Alpha naturally harks back to the condition of Germany before the war and tries to derive from such facts as he commands some notion of the future paying capacity of the country.

Germany was able to save and add to her capital about two billion dollars a year, in the period immediately preceding the war. Disarmed, she would have saved another half billion. The cessions of territory and the surrender of her shipping and most of her foreign investments reduced her productive power. But in what degree? Alpha undertakes to determine this for himself, although it had already been done much more competently by Keynes, and recently by Moulton and McGuire, whose book however may have appeared too late for Alpha's use. Germany lost the surplus earning capacity of 1,800,000 people. She lost the ore of Lorraine, the coal of the Saar and the better part of the coal of Upper Silesia. She lost 2½ million tons of shipping, but she has subsequently got back to 1,800,000 tons. And as for the ore she lost, she can still buy it at near cost of production. Silesian coal will still have to seek German markets. On the whole Alpha thinks there is a lot of myth about Germany's material losses.

And there might be, if we were justified in ignoring the complexity and delicacy of the modern business structure. The ores of Lorraine are lean; combined with Westphalian coke they can compete in the world iron trade only if the machine functions smoothly. A political frontier, with ever recurrent danger of changes in customs, is a steel bar thrust in among the cogs of the machine. The same considerations apply to Silesian coal. The Breslau manufacturing territory is badly situated with respect to foreign markets. Its life depends on cheap and reliable supplies of coal. A political frontier has been thrust between the coal and its users. It cannot fail to unbalance the delicate industrial machine, especially since Poland has competing industrial ambitions of her own. Germany may replace her shipping, ton for ton, but what has become of the imposing structure of commercial and banking houses abroad that used to find the freights by which the merchant marine lived? They are gone, and so long as indemnity payment absorbs Germany's surplus production they cannot be reconstituted.

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If Germany had a saving capacity of two billions or two billions and a half before the war, she might reconstitute it within two or three decades in spite of her losses, given freedom from indemnities and peace in a world of low tariffs and free movement of trade. We have not that kind of world, nor is there any talk of a moratorium for two decades, or one, or even five years.

But even if it were possible to get Germany back to her pre-war savings, we should have no ground for assuming that she could then pay two billions or two and one half billions a year by way of reparations. Such "savings" do not consist, in any large part, of free funds that could be consumed in luxuries or transferred to foreign treasuries. They consist of additions to plant, equipment and stocks, made possible by the application, to home uses, of productive power for which there is no use in the world market. The nominal billions that the German metallurgical industry used to produce derived their current value chiefly from purchases for equipment that were financed out of the savings. Divert the savings to other uses and the metallurgical output would shrink enormously in money value. With it the national production, measured in money, would shrink, and the flow of "savings" would decline.

Any attempt to lay hands on the savings of the German people would result in the evaporation of the greater part of the fund. It would be like most of the other exactions that have been levied upon Germany—great injury to the Germans and small gain to anyone else. For a real measure of Germany's capacity to pay we have to go beyond the more or less hypothetical figure of savings and find the real surplus export capacity of the country. It is that surplus alone which can be realized in international payments. Alpha, laboring under the delusion that the problem can be dealt with in terms of hypothetical savings, hypothetical tax paying capacity, deliberately dodges the real question of export capacity. Fortunately this question has been conclusively answered by Moulton and McGuire. Germany's export capacity is closely related to her import capacity, since in her insufficiency of food and raw material Germany's industry is essentially a middleman's undertaking. With imports flowing in generously Germany could, if she exported as much as fifteen billion gold marks, pay as much as one billion gold marks a year. To pay two billion marks plus twenty-six percent on her export volume, as fixed in the London agreement—still supposed to be binding—Germany would have to have exports of twenty billion marks. That is twice her export in the best pre-war year on record, when German industry, trade, shipping, banking and diplomacy worked together in the best articulated economic machine of human history.

That machine is junk. It would take decades to mount it again even if Germany were assured immunity from economic exploitation and military attack. With the Reparations Commission prepared to siphon away any surplus that may emerge, and with the French ever prepared to invade German soil and throw all economic life into confusion, the reconstitution of German world commerce is a fantastic dream. The Allies will not get thirty-two billion out of Germany nor fifteen billion nor even five. They have killed their chances of considerable indemnities. We assume that, unlike Alpha, they know it. They preferred a ruined Germany to their own indemnity claims. They have what they wanted.

The most interesting question raised by Alpha's article is why an American should have written it. Even our lawyers and litterateurs know too much about practical affairs to commit such monumental errors in quite good faith. Poincaré, Germany's executioner, demands six and a half billion dollars plus whatever sums England and America exact from France, at most six and one half billion, but more probably nothing. Alpha, the humane and intelligent American onlooker, demands for France fifteen billions, regardless of what becomes of the interallied debts.

It is, we think, a case of bad conscience, which Alpha suffers under, in common with vast multitudes of other Americans. We plunged into a conflict between two nations that had been enemies for centuries, with the innocent assumption that all the right must be on the one side, all the wrong on the other. We smashed the Wicked and put them at the mercy of the Righteous, and went our way, dreaming that now justice would be done. Presently it became apparent that the French notion of doing justice was to make war in peace until Germany should be completely ruined and disintegrated, her people morally broken and decimated by famine and disorder. That was our work, a work too horrible for us to face like honest men. Therefore we not only tolerate, indeed, we welcome even the most nauseating concoction of half truth, fiction, sophism and fallacy. They are the only anodyne to be had.

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A Great Teacher-Pioneer:

Sanderson of Oundle

I. Sanderson the Man

OF all the men I have met—and I have now had a fairly long and active life and have met a very great variety of interesting people—one only has stirred me to a biographical effort. This one exception is F. W. Sanderson for many years the headmaster of Oundle School. I think him beyond question the greatest man I have ever known with any degree of intimacy, and it is in the hope of conveying to others something of my sense not merely of his importance but of his peculiar genius and the rich humanity of his character, that I am setting out to write about him. He was in himself a very delightful mixture of subtlety and simplicity, generosity, adventurousness, imagination and steadfast purpose, and he approached the general life of our time at such an angle as to reflect the most curious and profitable lights upon it. To tell his story is to reflect upon all the main educational ideas of the last half century and to revise our conception of the process and purpose of the modern community in relation to education. For Sanderson had a mind like an octopus, it seemed always to have a tentacle free to reach out beyond what was already held, and his tentacles grew and radiated further and further. Before his end he had come to a vision of the school as a centre for the complete reorganization of civilized life.

I knew him personally only during the last eight years of his life; I met him for the first time in 1914 when I was proposing to send my sons to his school. But our thoughts and interests drew us very close to one another, I never missed an opportunity of meeting and talking to him, and I was the last person he spoke to before his sudden death. He was sixty-six years of age when he died. Those last eight years were certainly the richest and most productive of his whole career; he grew most in those years; he travelled furthest. I think I saw all the best of him. It is, I think, no disadvantage to have known him only in his boldest and most characteristic phase. It saves me from confusion between his maturer and his earlier phases. He was a much stratified man. Phrases took him and held him for a time and then gave place to other phrases. A careful student of his work would be able to tell within a year or so, the date of anything he wrote or said, because of these fossil-like indications. He had grown steadfastly all his life, he had shaken off many habitual inhibitions and freed himself from once necessary restraints and limitations. He would go discreetly while his convictions accumulated and then break forward very rapidly. He had a way of leaving people behind, and if I had fallen under his spell earlier, I too might have been left far behind. He was, I recall, a rock-climber; he was a mental rock-climber also and though he was very wary of recalcitrance, there were times when his pace became so urgent that even his staff and his own family were left tugging, breathless and perplexed, at the rope.

Out of a small country grammar-school he created something more suggestive of those great modern teaching centres of which our world stands in need than anything else that has yet been attempted. By all ordinary standards the Oundle School of his later years was a brilliant success; it prospered amazingly, there was an almost hopeless waiting-list of applicants; boys had to be entered five years ahead; but successful as it was, it was no more than a sketch and demonstration of the great schools that are yet to be. I saw my own sons get an education there better than I had ever dared hope for them in England, but from the first my interest in the intention and promise of Oundle went far beyond its working actualities. And all the educational possibilities that I had hitherto felt to be unattainable dreams, matters of speculation, things a little too extravagant even to talk about in our dull age, I found being pushed far towards realization by this bold, persistent, humorous and most capable man.

Let me first try to give you a picture of his personality as he lives in my memory. Then I will try to give an account of his beginnings, as far as I have been able to learn about them, and so we will come to our main theme, Sanderson contra Mundum, the schoolmaster who set out to conquer the world. For, as I shall show, that and no less was what he was trying to do in the last years of his life.

"Ruddy" and "jolly" are the adjectives that come first to mind when I think of describing him. He had been a slender energetic young man his early photographs witness; but long before I met him he had become plump and energetic, with a twinkling appreciation for most of the good things of life. His complexion had a reddish fairness; he had well-modelled features, thick eyebrows and a thick moustache touched with gray, and he wore spectacles through and over and beside which his active eyes took stock of you. About his eyes were kindly wrinkles and generally I remember him always as smiling—often with a touch of roguery

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in the smile. Quick movements of his head caused animating flashes of his glasses. He was carrying a little too much body for his heart and that made him short of breath. His voice was in his chest, there was a touch of his native Northumbria in his accent and he had a habit of speaking in incomplete sentences with a frequent use of the interrogative form. His manner was confidential; he would bend towards his hearer and drop his voice a little. "Now what do you think of —?" he would say, or "I've been thinking of —" so and so. At times his confidential manner became endearingly suggestive of a friendly conspirator. This, as yet, he seemed to say, was not for too careless a publication. You and he understood, but those other fellows,—they were difficult fellows. It might not be practicable to attempt everything at once.

That reservation, that humorous discretion is very essential in my memory of him. It is essential to the whole educational situation of the world. He was an exceptionally bold and creative man and he was a schoolmaster, and that is perhaps as near as one can come to a complete incompatibility of quality and conditions. In no part of our social life is dull traditionalism so powerfully entrenched as it is in our educational organization. We have still to realize the evil of mental heaviness in scholastic concerns. We take, very properly, the utmost precautions to exclude men and women of immoral character not only from actual teaching but also from any exercise of educational authority. But no one ever makes the least objection to the far more deadly influences of stupidity and unteachable ignorance. Our conceptions of morality are still grossly physical. The heavier and slower a man's mind seems to be, the more addicted he is to intellectual narcotics, the more people trust him as a schoolmaster. He will "stay put."

A timid obstructiveness is the atmosphere in which almost all educational effort has to work and schoolmasters are denied a liberty of thought and speech conceded to every other class of respectacle men. They must still be mealy-mouthed about Darwin, fatuously conventional in politics and emptily orthodox in religion. If they stimulate their boys they must stimulate as a brass trumpet does without words or ideas. They may be great leaders of men—provided they lead backwards or nowhither. Sanderson in his latter days broke into unexampled freedom, but for the greater part of his life he was—like most of his profession—"wading hips-deep in fools," and equally resolved to work out his personal impulse and retain the great opportunities that the governing body of Oundle School had, almost unwittingly, put into his hands. He was therefore not only a great revolutionary but something of a Vicar of Bray. A large part of the amusing subtlety of his personality was the result of the balanced course he had to pursue. In all he did, in all he said, he was feeling his way. No other schoolmaster—and there must be many a rebellious heart lying still in the graves of dead schoolmasters and many a stifled rebel in the schoolrooms of today—no other schoolmaster has ever felt his way so discreetly, so far and, at last, so triumphantly.

I remember as a very characteristic thing that he said one day when I asked for his opinion of a particularly progressive and hopeful addition to his board of governors;—"He does not know much about schools yet but he will learn. Oundle will teach him." And in his last great lecture, he flung out a general "aside"—that lecture was full of astonishing "asides"—: "I turned round on the boys and the parents;" he said;—*"both are my business."*

Never was schoolmaster so emancipated as he in his latter years from the ancient servility of the pedagogue. Not for him, the handing on of mellow traditions and genteel gestures of the mind, not for him the obedient administration of useful information to employer's sons by the docile employee. He saw the modern teacher in university and school plainly for what he has to be, the anticipator, the planner and the foundation-maker of the new and greater order of human life that arises now visibly amidst the decaying structures of the old.

H. G. WELLS.

(*To be continued*)

Any Woman

When there is nothing left but darkness
And the day is like a leaf
Fallen onto sodden grasses,
You have earned a subtle grief.

Never let them take it from you,
Never let them come and say:
Night is made of black gauze; moonlight
Blows the filmy dark away.

You have a right to know the thickness
Of the night upon your face,
To feel the inky blue of nothing
Drift like ashes out of space.

You have a right to lift your fingers
And stare in pity at your hands
That are the exquisite frail mirrors
Of all the mind misunderstands.

Your hand, potent in portrayal,
Falls of its own weight to rest
In a quiet curve of sorrow
On the beating of your breast.

HAZEL HALL.

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"Great Powers"

THE first phase, at least of the Graeco-Italian crisis, has ended more happily than the crisis of nine years ago which it so painfully recalls. There is now no imminent danger of further violence and bloodshed on either side; Greece has submitted to an effective international investigation into the Jannina crime which will assure full justice to Italy; Italy has accepted a modification of her ultimatum on the points in which it was intolerable to Greece; and the indemnity payable by Greece is to be assessed, on the basis of the findings of the investigators, by the International Court at The Hague, which is an organ of the League of Nations. Yet, although there is a lull in the storm, this gust of passion has not left Europe as it found her; and, while the next phase is unfolding itself, it is already possible to estimate some of the general consequences of the whole affair.

As a set-off to the more satisfactory features, two disturbing facts emerge: the Italian occupation of Corfu and the attack by two Great Powers upon the status of the League of Nations. The first of these, as I write, bids fair to prove only a temporary anxiety, though it has been an acute one; the damage involved in the second is more serious, though it may still be repaired.

For even if the local dangers in regard to Corfu are happily avoided, there remains the wider issue between the League of Nations and the Great Powers. The Graeco-Italian dispute has been the first sound in a conflict that was bound to come, and it is to be feared that the League has had the worst of it. It is true that the public opinion mobilized at Geneva has had an important though imponderable influence upon the conduct of both the Council of Ambassadors and the Italian government. On the other hand, Signor Mussolini has denied the competence of the League in the matter in the most emphatic and uncompromising terms; on the formal issue, thus deliberately raised, the powers, represented by the Conference of Ambassadors, have asserted their supremacy, while the League has been thrust into a secondary position; and the semi-official press in France has underlined this aspect of what has happened, and has greeted it with satisfaction. There were rumors, which fortunately now seem to have been ill-grounded, that M. Mussolini and M. Poincaré have already agreed to support mutually their respective occupations of Corfu and the Ruhr.

But even short of this, it is evident that the Graeco-Italian conflict has definitely ranged Italy and France side by side on a platform of privilege and ascendency for Great Powers over small ones, as opposed to the principle of a common international law for all sovereign states, whatever their relative strength, on which the League is founded. The diminished prestige of the League is also mirrored in the press of Great Britain. It is not, of course, surprising to find that the occasion has been exploited by the vociferous but not very representative section of the British press which takes the same view of the League as the French and Italian governments. It is more significant to find liberal journals, hitherto strong supporters of the League, almost ostentatiously throwing cold water upon it, at the first opportunity, in the hope of soothing the inflammation of Italian feeling against England.

The motive for this is not far to seek. This body of British opinion has its attention concentrated upon the problem of the Ruhr, in regard to which it is difficult to deny that the League is impotent and the diplomatic support of Italy as important to Great Britain as to France. In other words, the fate of Germany, which was and once more is the life-and-death problem of Europe, reduces itself to a problem of the balance among three Great Powers in the traditional terms of the Old Diplomacy; and the realities of the past and present are remorselessly thrusting aside what may be the hope of the future, even in the more detached and enlightened political minds of Europe.

Then has the issue of the Graeco-Italian conflict exposed the League of Nations as a Utopia? Not quite, for there has been one notable symptom at Geneva which has still to be mentioned, and that is the emergence of a "class-consciousness" among the small powers in response to the pretensions of the Great Powers as formulated by Italy. This is a natural and a salutary outcome of the two developments resulting from the Great War. The settlement after the war has made the small powers collectively a much larger factor in the world than they had been previously. For more than four centuries, there had been a steady tendency for Great Powers to absorb small ones, until, by 1914, such small powers as still existed were precarious survivors who were content that their existence should be forgotten, while the six Great Powers of Europe, and to a less striking degree eight Great Powers of the world, controlled between them the major proportion of Europe's and the world's total population, wealth and military resources.

Under these conditions, a joint ascendency of the Great Powers was neither illogical nor unrepresentative; but in the meantime the situation has been transformed by the paralysis of Germany, the partial break-up of the Russian Empire, and the total dissolution of the Hapsburg monarchy, out of whose respective ruins a number of new small powers have been constituted and others en-

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larged or consolidated. At the present moment, a smaller proportion of the total population and resources of Europe is represented by the Great Powers that are still on their feet than at any time since the fifteenth century; and this alone would have produced a demand on the small powers' part that their voice should carry greater weight than formerly in international affairs. Their incentive to assert themselves has, however, been greatly increased by the simultaneous disappearance of the balance among the Great Powers—a tendency which has always shown itself after general European wars, but never to such an extreme degree as at present, because no European war has ever before been ended by so complete a "knock-out blow."

Now every student of European history knows that the balance of power (whatever may be its other merits and demerits) is the static principle to which small powers have owed their survival, (e. g., Belgium and Holland) or even their birth (e. g., the independent states which have inherited the territories of the old Ottoman Empire.) But for the balance, the Low Countries would long ago have been absorbed by France, the Balkans by Russia, and most of Italy by Austria, for that matter; and, conversely, the disappearance of the balance exposes small independent states to coups de main on the part of Great Powers—like Italy's assault upon Greece, on which she would never have ventured so long as she had to reckon with Austria-Hungary.

Thus the domination of the Great Powers of the European Continent is in danger of becoming more capricious at a moment when those Great Powers, now reduced to France and Italy, are collectively less representative of Europe as a whole than ever before. This situation is neither tolerable nor stable, but it is not easy to prophesy what particular resolution of forces will break it down. The parties that stand to suffer most by it are the small states of the Continent, and in central and and southeastern Europe these now occupy exclusively between them a vast territory in which no Great Power has any longer territorial foothold. But the small states of this region, though they offer the natural nucleus for a small-power combine, are notoriously divided from one another by local differences of interest. Ever since they have existed, their feuds with one another have perpetually placed each and all of them at the mercy of their great neighbors. A boundary-dispute between two of them created the possibility of the present crisis; and although the trouble into which Greece has fallen only demonstrates once again, to Albanians as much as to the rest, that every small state risks more by quarrelling with another small state than the utmost that it would be called on to sacrifice by way of insurance in order to make friends with her, there is unfortunately no indication yet that this lesson is being learned, and until it is learned, cooperation among the small powers of Europe to enforce the law of the League against the Great Powers will remain a pious aspiration.

By whom then, will France and Italy eventually be sent to join their late sisters, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia? A glance at the non-European world shows that the days of all the European Great Powers are numbered, and that the right of the stronger, which they are blindly arrogating for themselves, will ultimately be asserted against them by a mightier than they. There are two non-European powers already, or, counting Great Britain, three, and they will be reinforced by others. The populations of the "A. B. C." states of the British Dominions will overtake those of France and Italy, whom they already greatly surpass in their potential resources. If it is possible for Germany and Russia to be paralyzed, it is equally possible for China and India to come to life. Europe is heading for the fate of ancient Greece when, absorbed in her internal quarrels, she paid no regard to the creeping shadow of Rome.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

London.

What Outlawry of War Is Not

THE editorial columns of the New Republic have several times commented upon the tendency of persons engaged in an effort to do away with war to divide into hostile groups. The comments regret a prevalent disposition to assume that some one method is the sole and exclusive method. It is obvious that anything interwoven as war is with tradition, national histories, politics, economics, diplomacy and education must be approached from many angles. It is natural that some persons should be interested in one mode of approach and other persons in another. But the only intelligent strategy is that of coordinated division of labor, instead of mutual recrimination and attack which only strengthen and delight the forces that make for war.

Mr. Lippmann's recent article in the Atlantic Monthly on the Outlawry of War is an exemplification, and, to some of us at least, an unexpected one, of the main point of these editorials. Not that Mr. Lippmann does anything so crude as openly to advocate one method as the sole method; it is by suggestion and implication rather than by direct advocacy that he commends the so-called

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League of Nations as the panacea. In attacking the proposition to outlaw war he represents it as a rival to everything else and as such a rival as necessarily to exclude recourse to all other methods whatsoever for lessening the probability of war. In fact the scheme as it is presented by Mr. Lippmann is a rival to the most elementary common sense. For this reason I cannot imagine that his article will seriously damage the movement to outlaw war; it presents it in such a light that the unbiassed reader is likely to feel, without much analysis, that intelligent persons could hardly have advocated such a scheme. What it is likely to damage is the cause of peace. For it adds the authority of Mr. Lippmann's name to the ardor of those who are so devoted to the existing League and its so-called World Court that they feel in duty bound to attack any and every other plan for coping with those international disputes that breed wars.

As I have implicitly charged Mr. Lippmann with misrepresentation of the plan—not intentional of course—it is only fair that I should give some indication of the ways in which he has misrepresented it. In the first place, no one acquainted with the formation and growth of the plan in the mind of its author, Mr. Levinson, dating from the early period of the war, long before our entrance into it, would recognize the account Mr. Lippmann gives of its history. According to him the plan to outlaw war is the manifestation of sheer genius for contrariety; it is the product of irreconcilability for the sake of irreconcilability. For he says it was "first employed to strengthen a league, before there was a League. It was used to defeat the League after there was a League, and to advocate an international court before there was a Court. Now that the Court has been created, it is being used to defeat the Court, and to advocate another court which does not exist." Whence Mr. Lippmann naturally concludes that the plan has "a perfect record of irreconcilability."

It is properly Mr. Levinson's business to say what he thinks needs to be said regarding the inception and development of the plan to outlaw war. But meantime from contemporaneous knowledge I should like to match Mr. Lippmann's account by another. The idea was formed before a League of Nations was broached in any way. After the idea was broached it was employed to define the basic indispensable condition of an association of nations: that its foundation be the agreement of adhering nations to make war a public crime and to submit their disputes to adjudication by a court. As long as there was a prospect of such an outcome Mr. Levinson and the other friends of his scheme heartily supported Mr. Wilson irrespective of political creed. When Mr. Wilson surrendered his cause, and the Covenant of the League not only tied the League to the iniquities of the Versailles Treaty but failed to outlaw war, the friends of outlawry of war remained faithful to their cause. Part of the plan from the first was the creation of a "judicial substitute for war"—a court to which parties to an international dispute would agree to submit, under the terms of international law making war a crime, their controversies for hearing and decision. To that conception they have adhered without wavering. Mr. Lippmann is better informed concerning the present court than many of its emotional adherents. He will hardly say, I think, that it answers this description, or even that it is a court in the accepted legal sense of the term court. Thus the record is not one of irreconcilability but of fidelity to an idea. Mr. Lippmann and others may not like the idea; the more reason for giving a correct account of its history.

We come to the idea itself. I select three points from Mr. Lippmann's account of the plan for outlawry. He asserts that the plan after nominally outlawing war introduces "a set of reservations which withdraws from the scope of the code and the competency of the court many, if not most, of the major policies which cause disputes. Finally it disembowels the outlawry of war by legalizing wars in defence of those major policies which are excluded from the competence of the court and the code." If this were a correct account, it should settle the matter for all sensible persons. Any such plan is a dishonest pretense; further argument against it is needless.

But Mr. Lippmann's sole evidences that such reservations are made, apart from a speech by Senator Knox in which he expressed his personal opinion about matters that are domestic and hence outside the scope of an international tribunal, are that the right of self-defence is reserved, and that "Senator Borah's resolution seems to justify in addition wars of liberation." Mr. Lippmann then reaches his sweeping conclusion as to the disembowelling of outlawry by identifying the right of self-defence with defence of any national policy, pointing out that all modern wars are nominally defensive, and by identifying wars of liberation with the "right to go to war for what you call your liberty." Now the right of self-defence has a definite and long established legal meaning: it is the right to defend one's self *when actually attacked*. Strictly speaking, it was not necessary to include that item, for such a right simply cannot be taken away by any code. Reference to it was probably inserted because otherwise some persons would object to the plan by inquiring: "What are you going to do if actually attacked by another nation? Are your hands tied by your agreement to treat war as a crime?" The reference to liberty is a bugaboo of the same nature. Wars of liberation are civil wars, internal revolutions, outside any international code; wars of a subject

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class or group against what they regard as intolerable tyranny. The peculiarity of such wars is that they are now crimes by law; not by international law but by domestic law; and yet to the minds of most persons they are the most justifiable of all wars. And I take it that what Mr. Lippmann finds in the Borah resolution which seems to justify any war with another nation "for what you call your liberty," is simply an allusion to this anomalous situation. I submit that Mr. Lippmann does not strengthen his argument by presenting these men of straw.

In the second place, Mr. Lippmann works himself up to the point where he succeeds in convincing himself that the plan to outlaw war involves the abolition of all diplomatic methods. He says, "The central fallacy of their argument is this refusal to acknowledge the necessity of diplomacy for just those war-breeding disputes which are not within the competence of their code and their court. For if diplomacy is a necessary method of maintaining peace, then no plan which does not provide for it can be an effective plan to abolish war. And if the method of diplomacy is necessary, then the reform of that method is one of the most urgent of human needs." I confess this argument goes beyond me. The plan to outlaw war also fails to provide for the institution of marriage, of private property, and a number of other things which many people believe to be quite as necessary as is diplomacy. How Mr. Lippmann managed to bring himself to the opinion that failure to provide for ambassadors and conferences means that the plan to outlaw war is in any way antagonistic to them is a mystery I cannot explain. The suggestion that diplomacy is in some need of reform is, however, pertinently welcome. I imagine that the friends of the outlawry of war believe that the most effective way to reform diplomacy is to make recourse to war a crime and provide a court for the settlement of disputes when diplomats come to an impasse. The plan "fails to provide" for abolishing secret treaties, military alliances (and all existing alliances are essentially military) and the intrigue and chicanery, which, in common repute, are accompaniments of traditional diplomacy. It is arguable that the chief cause for the things that make reform of diplomacy so urgent a human need would disappear if war were outlawed and a court were always in the offing. It is arguable that the notion that it will be reformed in any other way is a case of that "tragic futility of noble sentiments frustrated by confused ideas" to which Mr. Lippmann calls attention.

The third point is like the second, perhaps is only an instance of its principle. Mr. Lippmann quotes from the Borah resolution to outlaw war as follows: "The genius of civilization has discovered but two methods of compelling the settlement of human disputes, namely, law and war." This generalization Mr. Lippmann says is "utterly untrue. The genius of civilization has invented, besides law and war, countless other methods of settling disputes." And he mentions, besides representative government and federalism (which to most minds involve law and courts), mediation, conciliation, friendly intervention, compromise and conference. Mr. Lippmann evidently read the passage carelessly. It does not say that law and war are the only methods of settling disputes, but the only ways of *compelling* their settlement—quite a different proposition, and one that I shall continue to believe until I am shown the contrary.

This in itself is perhaps not a very important matter. But the use that Mr. Lippmann makes of his misunderstanding *is* important. For he employs it to make a strong argument for adjustment of disputes by conference and by political methods. And his implication of course is that the proposition to outlaw war is opposed to the use of such methods. The disjunction is thoroughly unwarranted in itself and quite foreign to the friends of the proposition to outlaw war. Since Mr. Lippmann has made so much of the "irreconcilability" of Senator Borah, he might have remembered that it was Senator Borah who first suggested a conference to limit armaments, and that he was the author of the resolution to call an economic conference with representatives of European nations. And a little inquiry would have informed him that Mr. Levinson's practice as a lawyer consists precisely in settling disputes between large economic interests with a minimum of resort to the courts. These personal matters are pertinent. For they illustrate the fact that the alleged exclusive alternatives between law and courts on one side and political methods on the other are wholly of Mr. Lippmann's own making. The genuine alternatives are between political methods based upon a system which legalizes war, and political methods which have as their basic principle that war is a crime, so that when diplomacy and conferences cannot reach agreement the dispute shall be submitted to a court. It is reasonable, to say the least, to believe that the method of conference, conciliation and mediation will be much more employed and employed with greater good faith and sincerity when recourse to war is a recognized public crime than it is now. For the method will be liberated from the menace which now almost makes necessary recourse to chicanery, secrecy and underhand intrigue, and those threats of force which win Mr. Lippmann's approval. For when Mr. Lippmann says that diplomacy is required which works not only by conference and bargaining but "also in last analysis by the threat of force" he admits what he has previously denied: that law is in final analysis the only discovered alternative to force as a means of *compelling* settlement of disputes. To a thoughtful reader this

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admission of the necessity of using the threat of force explains Mr. Lippmann's inability to understand the proposition of outlawry of war. For the essence of that proposition is to substitute the method of judicial settlement for the method of force. Mr. Lippmann may be ready to assume in advance that any such proposition is utopian. The friends of the outlawry of war hold that it is worth trying, and that unless it is capable of succeeding war will never be abolished. And since the threat of war implies war, the major premise of Mr. Lippmann's argument seems to be that war will never be abolished. It would have been simpler to have attacked the outlawry of war on this avowed ground.

At all events we have here the nub of the whole matter. Of course politics and political methods will long, possibly forever, affect the international relations of states. What the proposition to outlaw war calls attention to is the radical difference between the present status of international politics, assuming as it does the legality of war and using a diplomacy based upon that legality, and the conduct of international politics when law is a public crime. To many of us it is a "tragic futility" to expect that the present European political system, based, as it is, upon the tradition of war and the enmities accompanying it, will eliminate war or greatly reduce its probabilities. For that international system was born and bred in the briar-patch of war. It is bound up with it and with the threat of force at every point. The present state of Europe, wherever we look, confirms this statement. Until war is outlawed and a judicial substitute for it is provided, it is hopeless to propose American participation in that system. The American people may be very ignorant about international affairs, but it knows enough to know that entanglement in that system means entanglement in a war system. In my judgment it is also intelligent and generous enough to engage in international association when international politics are cut loose from war and the threat of force. When war is outlawed, the politics of international relations will be liberated to pursue a normal development. The obvious policy of the friends of internationalism and of a genuine association of nations is for them to work for the outlawry of war instead of opposing it as a rival to the association of nations.

In conclusion I would say that I should feel that I was following too closely the model of discussion set by Mr. Lippmann if I did not add that the foregoing fails to touch upon one portion of Mr. Lippmann's argument, the portion which deals with a genuine rather than a fictitious difficulty. I refer to that part of his paper that urges the difficulty in the way of preparing an international code under which a world court could effectively act. Concerning this matter I hope to say something later.

JOHN DEWEY.

A Plea for Reticence

GRANDMOTHER was right. She was right years ago, when she was old and wise and I was young and callow and bursting with the gospel of the self-expression of the soul. She was right and I thought her narrow; she was right and I thought her hard; she was right and I thought her unforgiving, Puritan, strait-laced and a host of other unattractive things that came between our understanding each other. I was young and the instinct of the reformer—of grandmothers mostly—was strong within me. I know better now. I have seen the reforms, about which I would rant within the narrow walls of my home, considered custom within the wider walls of a nation. And the only comment that comes to my lips is, "Grandmother was right."

It is not of my own grandmother, per se, that I speak. It is of the grandmother spirit of my adolescent age against which I had beaten my impatient head. My revolt was the revolt of hundreds and thousands like me, the ever-living one of youth against age. Freedom was the call of the spirit, freedom from subterfuge, from sham, from prudery, from Puritanism that blushed when a spade was not called an implement for turning up the ground. We were going to call everything a spade and especially those things which my grandmother veiled in language that served most effectively to make her meaning less and less clear, those things about which one guiltily guessed but never had explained or clarified. We were going to tear the curtain of mystery from everything enfolded in darkness and let the light of knowledge beat upon sinful ignorance. The hidden was to become the familiar. Once the lure of the unknown was removed from human functions and relationships, we argued, morbid curiosity about them would vanish and a new, rare spirit would spring up, finer, cleaner, free of mind-decomposing thoughts, inhibitions and repressions. Theoretically it sounds all right; practically, however, it works out differently.

With years came less impatience with the traditions and conventions my grandmother nursed so tenderly. Yet down deep, there still lurked the sparks of a discursive adolescence. We were not truly a free people. We were too greatly hemmed in by preconceived notions of barriers of thought

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and speech. Like all the younger intellectuals (sic) I felt that America was too small to contain the spirit that would soar. I wanted a year abroad in which to really live. A year abroad meant primarily France; France meant Paris; Paris meant freedom of thought, of speech, of action.

I left America, a disciple of the philosophy I had made my own; I sailed to the land where dreams are believed to come true for those who think as I did; I returned—a convert to the lore of my grandmother. Paradoxically enough, Paris instead of broadening my mind had narrowed it down to that fine point where my grandmother and I could understand each other.

My connections were such as to bring me into close contact with the intimate life of the French. My uncle had lived in France for the past thirty-five years, he was married to a Frenchwoman, had been a major in the French army, spoke no language but French, had no friends and associates other than French. Naturally, I was brought into the social life he led. I saw how the wheels went round. They were well greased. There was no hitch in their running. The movement of thought, of tongue, of action, was free. Quite indifferently and casually, the mental and moral grist they were turning out was offered me for my observation.

A spade was called a spade. There was no sham, no prudery, no subterfuge. There was no veil of mystery draped about normal functions and relationships. My fourteen year old French cousin spoke to me about human relationships in a way that set my ears tingling; my French aunt who is lovely and sweet and gentle was surprised at the flush on my cheeks when she casually mentioned some very intimate facts in the lives of her friends. It was not that I asked about these things. They came up at the dinner table casually as we in America discuss business or sports.

An American labor expert who had worked in the French mines for the purpose of getting first-hand facts about the industrial conditions there, found the same to be true. A group of laborers in America, he said, next to their job will discuss the fine points of baseball, in England it is cricket, but in France it is their own and their neighbors' philanderings.

Relieve the human mind of subjective curiosities which may turn to morbidity and it will be free to take a normal interest and curiosity in things objective. That was the rock upon which my faith had been built. That rock was sadly dynamited by facts that continually exploded around my ears.

Tearing the veil of mystery from subjects we still guard carefully in America has not resulted in freeing the mind of the Frenchman of them. Familiarity with the normal has made it an ever welcome and ever present subject in his mental household. Nothing can surprise him about it, nothing can charm him, nothing can mystify him. He knows much, understands much, forgives or ignores much. It has been part of his casual education at home as well as in the schools. A French boy of fourteen is immeasurably more sophisticated than an American boy of seventeen.

After a while one reaches a point where one becomes shock-proof to things of this sort. One accepts them in France as one accepts chewing gum in America. One is as much characteristic of the nation as the other.

Yet this alone is not sufficient to make one want to revert to the grandmother philosophy of America. There is more. In the make-up of every human being there is a certain amount of curiosity about himself and his reactions under imagined conditions. When that curiosity grows out of all proportion to his other interests he is said to be morbid. But healthy or morbid, the fact remains that the individual to himself is a very interesting subject. Wisely our grandmothers have draped a highly seductive veil about those things which all the king's men and all the king's horses would not lead them to discuss. They would not talk about normal functions and human relationships with the frankness that characterizes a dissecting room. Interest and curiosity in the mystery of the normal, and synonymously, the conventional, have been the products of their silence. Because it is an obscure page, it is a fascinating one. Our grandmothers have succeeded in enshrining the contents of a medical treatise and surrounding them in an atmosphere of rare sanctity. If and when the American youth is curious it is a curiosity focussed in the normal. It is in that direction his mind turns in those moments when his thoughts are governed by the erotic. Once his ignorance is flooded by knowledge, he becomes a member of that vaste horde whose purpose it is to carry on the mystery that his grandmother helped create.

Take away the mystery from the normal and make it commonplace and what happens? What has happened in France? The normal ceases to be a subject of curiosity, of interest, of expectation. One cannot work up a thrill in the casual. The man of mature years who falls in love with a woman of mature years will not look forward with avid interest to the experience of holding her hand on a park bench. The thrill of that experience is buried with his youth. When satiety grown out of too great a familiarity with life's relationships sets in, there is nothing short of the abnormal or perverted that can succeed in drawing a spark of interest. That primarily is the danger facing the Frenchman.

Very often the statement is made in France that questionable music halls, cafés and houses to which the inquisitive American is led are supported by tourist patronage. That is tommyrot. French is the language spoken there, French is the atmos-

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phere and French the clientele. The tourist, as a rule, feels greatly out of place and were it not for his money, his presence would be much resented. There are places where all the money in the world will not admit a tourist. The French need no help in supporting home talent and native genius. The call is made to the jaded and surfeited appetite and they best can answer it. The American and the English may go once; the Frenchman is an habitué.

It seems to me I sound like my grandmother. Yet seeing what a philosophy of age has done to a young nation like ours and what a philosophy of youth has done to an old nation like France, I rather enjoy sounding like my grandmother. Prudery and Puritanism are not desirable characteristics in either a human or a nation; yet if it is prudery and Puritanism that have retained for us the interest in the normal and the healthful, then they must perforce be swallowed. Either that or the freedom of speech and action that invites the abnormal and the degenerate. Unfortunately there seems to be no satisfactory medium between the two.

Grandmother was right! I discovered that in a year abroad and in the months since my return. It seems to me we have become a little impregnated with the philosophy I myself used to preach when I was young. Witness the trend of plot of the American novel which is fast becoming an able rival of the French; witness the American play which is approaching in daring the most free of the Grand Guignol; witness the talk of young America who can understand my little French cousin better than I can.

Whither are we drifting? Are we going to choose the silence of our grandmothers or the free volubility of her grandchildren? And knowing where volubility leads, will her grandchildren go on with it? It's all very complex. This is primarily the age of the child. Perhaps I am over fearful. Perhaps, no surely, the kindly Providence which took care of me when I was a child will exert the same kindly influence over the children of today. I don't know. One thing only is clear in my brain and that is—grandmother was right.

ROSE C. FELD.

My Uncle's House

THE BAPTIZING

AT the foot of the grove of my uncle's house—one of the few houses in the old style that the soldiers of General Grant and later fires have left standing in this part of Mississippi—is Jacob's Bayou, a stretch of water that spreads out between the slopes of two low hills. Tobitubbie Creek and Hunt Bayou meet here and pour their waters into the basin. At this season, when the summer ripens into autumn, the water is half a mile across. Willows grow along the eastern edge and water flags follow the banks. Over the surface are spread sheets of water lilies, floating green leaves and yellow flowers.

On the far bank of the lake this Sunday afternoon a crowd of Negroes has gathered. They wear every color, many of them red or blue, glowing in the bright sun. And they are singing their hymns; those strange, oriental cadences of theirs rise and fall, beautiful, dark harmonies, voices that are piercing, wild, sweet, melancholy.

The preacher in his black coat stands a little way from the shore, up to his waist in water. One after another the celebrants, led by two assistants, go down into the water and move slowly toward him. When one stands beside him the preacher puts his left arm behind the back and his right across the shoulders and lays the body down into the water. "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," he repeats.

They come up again out of the water with cries and shouts or dumb with ecstasy and are led by the assistants to the bank, where they go leaping and shouting or drop fainting into the arms of their friends. Meanwhile the singing never stops.

One by one for hours in the burning heat of the afternoon the stream of those to be baptized goes down into the water and under and up again, and madly to the crowd on the bank, from which arises the terrible, wild music that seems so full of life in death and death in life.

The singing rises and falls, the wail and moan of the voices swells and floats over the water and sinks again. The preacher goes on repeating in a loud voice, "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." The cries and shrieks break out. There are shouts and moans from the crowd. It is Galilee, it is Africa.

THE QUARTERS

A poplar lane runs between the vegetable gardens and the quarters, the handful of cabins left standing from the long line of them that were there before the war. To the west a high rail fence zigzags across the length of the garden. Blackberries, past now, grow in the corners of the fence; and peach trees, heavy with fruit, from time to time. Through the fence I can see brown corn-stalks, and, far beyond, the tall russet pear trees where the orchard begins.

On the other side of the lane runs a row of white-washed cabins, each one still with its little yard, flower beds, not always kept these latter days, marked off with bottles and white-washed stones. Bachelor buttons, sunflowers, zinnias blossom there, and locust and china trees make clumps of delicate shade round about many of the houses.

It is the hour when the Negroes are coming in from the fields. You can hear them singing as they walk, strange, poignant melodies, begun and left off anywhere. Up and down the poplar lane their figures begin to appear. They move easily, swinging from the hips, graceful as animals. Some of them carry rakes and scythes, now and then an

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armful of cut grass. At one house-step a young Negro boy with a jew's harp twanging between his teeth, begins to dance. The harp has a steel tongue in a metal frame which he holds in his mouth, vibrating it with his finger and making the pitch and tone with his lips. A girl's voice strikes up somewhere, singing a high, broken song with no words. In the cattle pond of the pasture behind the quarters the frogs are croaking, shrill little tree-frogs and bullfrogs with throats like trumpets. All night you will hear them till the last stars are gone.

Slowly twilight has come on. Blue shadows lie under the trees and a gold light spreads over the white walls of the cabins. Above the orchard to the west, half way up the heavens, a crimson sky is quivering gently.

Two voices behind one of these cabins are speaking. "Come on, Ed! I'm axin' you. Come on, please, Ed!"

"You put yo money where your mouf is and you'll git it!" says the other voice.

There is a burst of laughter and a song begins. "Come on, chile, come on now, Ed!" the first voice shouts, and joins in the song, singing second.

Indoors there is the sound of meat frying and fires crackling, the smell of meat and coffee floats out on the air to me. The underleaves of the poplars turn a greenish purple, then almost black. The scarlet of the sky passes into gray, soft, wide; on it, suddenly free, the moon stands like a disc of copper.

The Garden

The garden lies to the north of the house. Beyond the magnolia trees glitters the Big Dipper and to the east Cassiopeia's Chair wheels down the horizon. The great white blossoms of the magnolia shine like moons against the blackness of the leaves, their perfume spreads around. The moon is risen high, the supreme goddess of the poets, walking the courts of heaven, cold, passionate, washing the garden dusk with silver. The magical beauty of moon and stars, moonlight and starlight and a low sudden wind heavy with the scent of the jasmine and roses that make shadows along the walk, are all set in boundless quietness and spaces. In and out of the almost unheard wind the uncertain plash of an old fountain threads its way. Near-by, the leaves of the vines stir softly like waves. A bird calls and presently the answer comes from not far away. Far-off a dog howls, a grotesque, ancient voice against the fall of the fountain. Now and then a bell tinkles where the cattle move about the cool pasture.

No ripple stirs the shining water of the garden pool. Over one side of it hangs a spray of mimosa leaves. There is the spray of leaves above, and beneath is the water. Each has its own perfection. The moonlight begins to strike on the white columns of my uncle's house, making it a part of the eternal beauty of the world.

Everywhere here and through all things in this garden lies the profound melancholy of southern lands. This warm earth sweet with a thousand flowers, the sound of water lightly falling, this breathless summer dusk bathed in silver light, under the starry sky and the moon—what is man's life in it? The passion and despair of fulness and completion, a rich, overteeming sorrow of life too brief, too small, stretching out its hands.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Tokyo Disaster

SIR: Your editorial of September 12 on the Tokyo disaster tended to reflect on the efficiency and foresight of the Japanese municipal authorities. As such misapprehensions are unfortunately too widespread, may a mere reader point out in your columns a few little-known facts?

You say, among other things, "Her chief cities have been seemingly content with a water and fire-protection system which was anything but earthquake-proof; and the authorities have permitted the erection of numerous buildings of heavy European architecture, about as ill-fated to a land of seismic disturbances as anything could be. . . ."

Tokyo had, on the eve of September 1, a thoroughly up-to-the-minute fire fighting system, complete with pumps, trucks, chemicals, and a competent force. These were designed to protect the modern business sections. In the native mediaeval town, however, no modern truck could even wedge its front wheels into the narrow alleys; a high stream of water from a pump would be useless on a two-storied house; powerful water pressure would knock down a frail wood-and-paper dwelling. In those sections Tokyo officials were compelled to use small pumps and light carts, and other apparatus that appear antiquated at first glance to western eyes.

Tokyo had a water-system that, for scientific construction and management, was excelled by no capital in the world. Certainly, it was such as no city in another oriental nation, such as China or India, has dreamed of constructing for itself. And, as American and German engineers were unable to suggest any earthquake-proof water-system to the Japanese, it seems hard to blame them for lacking one.

As to their erection of foreign buildings, evidence seems now to show that these buildings actually stood the test of shock better than old-style temples like Hibiya Dai Jingu. Furthermore, reproach, if such there be, might be divided between Japan, which has emerged from feudal ways only since 1867, and the "hustling" Yankee architects who have been constantly seeking to run her affairs for her.

The artistic loss to the world from the disaster is comparable to that entailed by the sack of Corinth, the burning of the Alexandria Library, and the Great Fire of London, all in one. Vanished Tokyo has had the priceless treasures of her museums, the unexplored richness of her libraries, such as that of the Imperial University, her exquisite gates and shrines, and her young modern life as well—all snuffed out in three days.

MIRIAM BEARD.

New Milford, Connecticut.

German Property in the United States

SIR: An editorial in your issue of September 19, 1923, stated that the Great War saw the reintroduction of the practice of commandeering, and that theoretically, German citizens whose investments in the United States were taken, are supposed to be reimbursed by their own government, that everyone knows this is not the fact, and that their property is gone forever.

Your writer is in error. It is true that German property was commandeered, but the Winslow bill, passed last March, provided that money or property not exceeding $10,000 in amount or value, be returned to each claimant. This disposed of about 28,000 of some 31,000 trusts. It further provided that the income up to $10,000 a year on property retained be annually paid over to the owner. As yet, there has been no legislation involving the corpus of the German property so retained.

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Thus, you will see that a part has been returned and none has, as yet, been confiscated. In my judgment, the American war policy as to the German property is subject to severe criticism, chiefly in method—but the situation is not as bad as you have painted it. Though not intended, yet in view of the depreciation in currency, the holding of the property has been quite advantageous to the Germans.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS.

New York City.

Coal Is A Gift of God

SIR: As a boy I was taught that it was my duty to spread the truth and in any controversy to stand up and uphold it, as it would be the right thing to do and would ultimately prevail. I have not always seen it victorious, but as an old man I am none the less ready to proclaim and fight for it.

Now I ask any fair-minded person, what right or just title has any individual or company of individuals to the coal or coal lands of a country? Coal is a natural deposit, a gift of God or Nature to all mankind and no more subject to private ownership than a human being. Human slavery was once held legal, but never equitable and was therefore abolished. Now I hold that the people through their government, which we fought to make representative, have an inalienable right to the coal of their country and the consumer should not have to pay more for it than the cost of digging, transporting and distributing it. This view of the coal question may, and no doubt will, be denounced as radical and revolutionary, but is it?

ULRIC T. MENGERT.

Washington, D. C.

In The Ruhr

SIR: I wish to call the attention of New Republic readers to the enclosed portion of a letter which an American minister, Rev. August Redeker, who has been visiting in Germany wrote from Borgholz, Westfalen, July 17, 1923, to B. P. Weekes, editor of the Marshall County (Kansas) News. It was published in the August 10 issue of the latter paper.

F. S. RODKEY.

Oxford, Ohio.

[Enclosure]

I have made several trips and returned yesterday from an extensive trip through the Ruhr district, Hoerde, Dortmund, Wanne, Gelsenkirchen, Bochum. From the 1st to the 15th of July it is forbidden to Germans to enter or leave the district, only foreigners are excepted. Having my American passport I crossed the zone. Barbed wire fences had been erected and I had to pass through a narrow gap and show my passport. The electric line had been torn up so that I had to walk a while and carry my baggage across the line. . . .

The Ruhr district, the most highly developed industrial section of the world, is occupied by the French and all factories and coal mines with few exceptions are not working. The whole makes the impression of a deserted region, no smoke emanates from the smoke stacks of the factories, the depots and railroads are idle, no coal is mined, no coke shipped or manufactured. The French operate some trains but accident after accident has happened, upset cars and engines are dumped by the wayside and not removed, the railroad switches and lanterns are demolished by the French and everything is done to *destroy property*. The German railroad officials have been expelled with their families and their houses are used by the French soldiers.

I saw several places where holes were punched through the walls of houses and cannons and machine guns erected in case of trouble. . . .

The French officials make it unbearable to the Germans in Wanne. No one can get within two hundred yards of the depot after nine P. M. without having a lantern. If not he will be shot. If people want to go any place they have to have a pass which must be renewed every few weeks. People stand in long rows and wait for hours to have the passes stamped but no French official appears. . . .

Everything is done to make it hard for the citizens. All telephones, public and private are cut, notices are posted but not communicated to the people and if not obeyed soldiers will shoot you, so three weeks ago seven people were killed in that manner. One man who was on his way to call a doctor in a confinement case of his wife was shot. The wife and baby were found dead the next morning. Many of the schools are closed and occupied by the troops.

The Germans have no hatred against the Americans, but they feel they have been deceived by Wilson's Fourteen Points and that it is the duty of the Americans, as they won the war, to speak a commanding word to France to stop her policy of hatred and revenge and to settle down to peaceful conditions. They are willing to pay just reparations as far as can be done, but they cannot perform what is impossible.

(Rev.) AUGUST REDEKER.

A Hopeful Inquirer

SIR: In the New Republic of August 29 there appeared an article by the Hon. Wayne B. Wheeler on "How to get light wines and beer." He stated, in effect, that no modification of the present prohibition law could be had except by repealing the Eighteenth Amendment. I wish to inquire if it would not be legal and regular for Congress to pass a bill permitting states which so desired to sell, under proper regulations, say, not to exceed one quart of whiskey, one gallon of wine, or one case of beer per month for MEDICINAL PURPOSES without a doctor's prescription? If not, why not?

Such an act would produce the following wholesome results:

(1) Promote temperance.
(2) Quiet unrest among the lovers of liberty.
(3) Eliminate the bootlegger and rum-runner from American life.
(4) Prohibit the sale to young boys and girls who can now purchase from bootleggers regardless of age.
(5) Reduce the cost of prohibition enforcement, and cover into the Treasury millions of dollars in revenue that now go to the bootleggers and rum-runners.
(6) Reduce the burden of taxation now so heavily oppressing the people of this country.

S. I. SLACK, JR.

Norfolk, Virginia.

Philadelphia's New Cooperative Cafeteria

SIR: A group of people in Philadelphia are interested in opening a cooperative cafeteria some time during the fall. We believe that such a cafeteria, on a sound business basis, well-managed and attractive, will mean much to the liberal movement in this city. We plan to open the place somewhere in the centre of the city, where it will be easily accessible to various groups of people.

On Thursday evening, October the fourth, at eight o'clock, the first meeting is to be held, at the rooms of the Women's Trade Union League, 1921 Arch Street, to formally organize the cafeteria. We hope that many of the Philadelphia readers of the New Republic will be interested enough to attend the meeting, or will get in touch with us at the League, Spruce 6314. We feel sure that readers of your paper will want to become shareholders, and will want to use the cafeteria to meet others of their own way of thinking.

Some of us have had experience in other successful cooperative ventures, so that the new enterprise is sure of success. We hope that some of your readers will attend.

ALMA WIESNER.

Philadelphia.

Have You Some Old Magazines?

SIR: May I have space in your columns to broadcast the appeal made by Dr. Hertha Krauss at the recent conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, for reading matter for the people of Germany. Packages of old magazines may be sent to her, care Wohlfahrtsamt, Cologne am Rhein, Germany. The intellectual hunger there, Dr. Krauss says, is as keen as the physical hunger, and people will be most grateful for this kindness.

BLANCHE WATSON.

New York City.

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Sheila Kaye-Smith

The End of the House of Alard, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

THE study of literary reputations in fiction has become a branch of the history of literature. Some day, perhaps, a law will be discovered and exceptions classified, but for the present we can only note the wide opposition between two phenomena, between the reputation which is won by a single sudden success, and which afterwards requires more or less living up to, and that which grows almost imperceptibly, rising out of the mass of readable fiction by steady fulfillment, until even early and faithful readers are somewhat startled to find that they have been keeping company with a novelist who must be taken seriously. Of the first type of success, to pass over the classical examples of Scott, Dickens, Charlotte Bronté and George Eliot, Mrs. Humphry Ward with Robert Elsmere, Barrie with The Little Minister, May Sinclair with The Divine Fire are examples. Of the second we must reckon Trollope, Hardy, Galsworthy, and Sheila Kaye-Smith. Miss Kaye-Smith may not achieve the highest rank, but every novel she has written is a substantial advance toward it; every one is a course in a firmly based and strongly consolidated structure, built of the material which best endures the assaults of time.

That material for the most part is furnished by the land and life of southeastern England, of Sussex and Kent. Undoubtedly Miss Kaye-Smith has profited by the example of Hardy in Wessex, of Eden Phillpotts in Dartmoor; she has made her novels windows opening on a landscape with constant features—the low hills, the wide marshy fields, the slow streams, the lanes, the dykes, the chalky cliffs and the sands running down to the sea—under the same soft shredded sky, often blurred with mist, or pallid with rainy sunlight. The weather has much to do with Miss Kaye-Smith's sense of reality. We come upon such passages as this:

> It was a fine November day, a little muddled and tattered, but warm for the time of year. The colours of dead woods were in the sky, soft greys and browns smoking against the blue. In the hollow at the foot of the Coney Banks the reds of Marlingate were rubbed out in the thick air.

from Tamarisk Town. Or this from Green Apple Harvest:

> The sky had cleared and pale lakes of shallow blue were spread round the sun, and seemed to be reflected in the light, giving the surface of the lanes, the roofs of the barns, the autumn patchwork of the fields a strange aqueous quality, as of the floor of a clear, shallow pond.

This landscape is dotted with sheep and kine, checkered with fields of wheat and hops. We learn to know the villages and market towns, the manor houses and farms with their literal Saxon names—Bodingmares, Starvecrow, Fourhouses. Our ears become accustomed to the soft legato Sussex speech, in which even the oaths themselves are emasculate.

Thus Miss Kaye-Smith's distinct quality is local. Even though her characters are moulded by universal forces, love, ambition, religion, these forces derive a specialty from their manifestation in local conditions, and the characters an originality from their response determined by environment. This is true of Joanna Godden's love, of Monypenny's ambition, in Tamarisk Town, of the obstinate pride of possession of the Alards. It may seem farfetched to see any local peculiarity in Miss Kaye-Smith's very significant use of the power of religious faith. Yet The Tramping Methodist is a picaresque religious novel, with that mingling of an acute sense of reality and spiritual exaltation which suggests Pilgrim's Progress. In Green Apple Harvest the travail of Bob Fuller in the toils of Calvinism, which first saves and then damns him, and his final setting free, reminds one no less of Grace Abounding. And Bunyan in neighboring Bedfordshire shared the particularism of Miss Kaye-Smith's folk.

The End of the House of Alard is the largest canvas which Miss Kaye-Smith has undertaken. If it seem to lack something of the richness of natural background of the earlier novels, it makes compensation in its greater complexity of human relations. It is a family novel, in which a numerous body of characters are held together by a single interest which complicates the development of their individuality. In it the religious motive is of a less peculiar, more authoritative type. Where the earlier novels were thrown into the past, with a tour de force of truth to period, The End of the House of Alard is sternly contemporary. Above all, in this novel Miss Kaye-Smith has developed for the first time an aspect of society, the passing of the landed squires in all the beauty and tragedy of their decay. The Alards are like Galsworthy's Forsytes, in that the possessive instinct has become the dominating motive of their existence; but their possession is land and they are bound to it by innumerable filaments of tradition and sentiment. They represent the remaining power of the feudal system, staggering under repeated blows, the repeal of the corn laws, the death duties, Lloyd George's land tax, the great war. The family is likely a gigantic animal, wounded many times and sorely, which sinks in the mire to leave its bones there. The problem of the characters is that of class, the social divisions and taboos which limit individuality and leave it sterile. And Miss Kaye-Smith's solution is modern. The only members of the House of Alard who escape its doom, are the two youngest, Jenny and Gervase, who renounce their class. But if The End of the House of Alard is a serious novel, it is none the less an interesting one. It is of the quality of the best English narrative; moving at first as smoothly and casually as Trollope or Marshall, it soars upward with steadier and more intense purpose. Miss Kaye-Smith rarely misses her climax; here she achieves it easily and inevitably.

But excellent novel that it is, The End of the House of Alard finds its chief importance in that it bids us turn back to take account of Miss Kaye-Smith's work as a whole and look forward to her future of promise. It is clear that her earlier novels, with their rare and delicate charm, are not to be lost among the ephemeridae of their day. It is also clear that the prophecy which one was inclined to make after Joanna Godden is being fulfilled in work of larger scope and meaning. Miss Kaye-Smith's earlier novels owed much to the example of Hardy, in their use of local color, their technique of description, even, it may be, in a disposition toward abnormal psychology. The End of the House of Alard is beyond attribution to any specific influence. It is part of the great tradition.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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The Brothers Adam

The Architecture of Robert and James Adam (1758-1794) by Arthur T. Bolton, Curator of the Sir John Soane Museum. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes. $60.00.

ONE opens these colossal volumes on the Architecture of Robert and James Adam with something of the feeling that might come with the rummage of an eighteenth century attic in Mayfair or Belgravia. Here are treasures of building and interior decoration whose elegance and lightness are altogether pleasing; and yet they are as far away from us in spirit as Rousseau's notions of primaeval innocence; for what was the scene of one age can be only the scenery of another. Mr. Arthur Bolton's commentary and description serve to increase this impression: he writes with not a little of the conversational disconnectedness of the salon, the club, the coffeehouse, and gives us two volumes that are as large and chaotic as life itself; or at least as large as the world of affairs and fashion in eighteenth century England. If any one thinks that these volumes are for the architect alone, he is mistaken; no student of the period can afford to neglect a work which so completely lays out the stage upon which the drama of upper class English life was enacted.

In the literature of this time, especially that which was a continuation of the Augustan age of Addison and Pope, one experiences a mixture of lightness and pedantry; and below it one can detect, without too great a stretch of the imagination, the peculiarly intimate relations between the patron who wished to be diverted and the scholar or creative artist who, though he strove to please, would not be altogether turned away from his work. For about three centuries, scholarship had been restoring the thought of Rome and Greece to a central position in the European mind; these investigations of the past touched heavily on two departments—literature and architecture. In both departments the original burst of enthusiasm which had inspired dramatists like Corneille and architects like Palladio had become debilitated into a mere parsing of grammatical forms: the "five orders" of architecture were on the point of becoming unbreakable rules of syntax; and the fertility and freedom of Wren and Inigo Jones were giving way to a pedantic reproduction of details. Even Pope did not fail to see the danger of the classic fashion; and in an epistle to Lord Burlington, who had published Palladio's Antiquities of Rome, he observed:

> You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse
> And pompous buildings once were things of use.
> Yet shall, my lord, your just and noble rules
> Fill half the land with imitation fools;
> Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
> And of one beauty many blunders make.

Picture the scene: it is full of vivacity and change. Coal royalties are becoming important; commercial ventures in India and the colonies are bringing home profit; with the aid of Parliament the landed aristocracy is seizing the common lands—under the utilitarian pretext of "improved farming"—in short, the swell mob is having a devilish good time. Reynolds paints one's portrait, Garrick amuses one at the theatre; out of sheer boredom, Horace Walpole invents a joke called mediaevalism: what matters it if our ladies are a generation behind the French in their fashion of dress, as some report, even as Dr. Johnson is, perhaps, a generation behind Boileau in criticism? Hogarth tells us we are coarse; a certain Mr. Gay says one might as well marry a lord as a robber; but that is the jealousy of the middle class. We are not exactly wedded to the arts; but we keep them for our pleasure; and we spend money on them—oh! lavishly.

It is onto this scene that Robert Adam and James stepped, in the middle of the century, to follow the practice of their father; and for more than a generation, by the force of their own scholarship, industry, and ability they gave to classic architecture a turn which was at once faithful to the spirit, and original and bold in application. As became a young man of good family, Robert made the Grand Tour; and not merely did he "do" the antiquities of Rome, but he even went to Spalato, where amid the ruins of Diocletian's palace he caught a glimpse of Roman architecture in one of its "impurer"—relatively free—moments. Robert Adam treated Roman art as if it were still alive; and this attitude had its pragmatic justification; for the grace and wonder of his buildings lie in the completeness with which they met the demands of his own age and public.

On his return from Italy in 1758 Robert's career as an architect begins; and from this time to his death his taste and skill were felt throughout the fashionable world, in every department, from ceiling to carpet, and from the layout of the grounds to the embroidery on Milady's handbag. Coming into the bland, hospitable atmosphere of southern England, this Scotchman must have profited not a little by the contrast with life on his native soil: his designs have a gaiety, an effect of bountiful efflorescence, which is lacking in the work of the routineers who are about him. Adam's architecture goes with velvets and brocades; it is lace and silk translated into plaster, cement and stone; even his churches, like that built for the capricious Dashwoods at West Wycombe, need only to have the benches cleared out to make excellent ballrooms! This is not, however, commonplace architecture *plus* frills: the ornament is rather as essential to the structure as is the rhyme or the antithesis in a couplet of Pope's. The proof of Adam's ability was recently pointed out by Mr. Bernard Shaw when it was proposed to pull down the Adelphi Terrace: one can still live comfortably in an Adam building! The integrity of his art was the result of an integrity of ideas; the architect thought on the same plane on which his patron lived.

With all due respect for Adam's work, and with great admiration for the exhaustive investigation which Mr. Bolton has made of it, particularly for the hundreds of plans and drawings he has brought to light, I cannot but shudder at the probable effect of this publication; and in the interests of architecture I am inclined to wish that the price of these books were six hundred dollars rather than sixty. Our physical environment and our social habits are not those of the eighteenth century; and to restore or continue the Adam style without bringing back the setting, is to play out, in charades, the word Snobbism—a game in which only bored children are entitled to indulge. What a silly business it would be if the highly personal style of Adam were reproduced in this stiff mechanical age of ours—and yet how those innumerable medallions and pendants would please our manufacturers of plaster ornament, upon a pseudo-Adam façade! Samuel Butler once wisely said that the art of covery was as important as the art of discovery. I should be happily surprised if snobbery and commercial zeal do not give us cause to regret that the work of the Brothers Adam had not profited by the first art.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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Primitive Mentality

Primitive Mentality, by Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. Authorized Translation by Lilian A. Clare. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

IT is possible to regard Lévy-Bruhl's presentation of savage states of mind as more illuminating than any statement which has previously appeared, especially if the reader assists him somewhat with his interpretation and occupies more explicitly than the author the standpoint that mental attitudes and processes in races are due to historical rather than biological causes—are acquired by social experience rather than predetermined by nervous structure. I know of no volume which gives the reader so vivid a sense of participation in the mental life of the "inferior" races. The collection of evidence is also very welcome because of the number of significant data produced from the reports of evangelical missions and other hitherto neglected sources. Moreover we are grateful to the translator for an adequate and skilful rendering.

But it must be understood that the author considers only the savage states of mind connected with magical practice, and we miss any attempt to interpret primitive mind in its totality. The relation of mind to tools and other inventions, to crises in social life, to complexity or simplicity of types of social organization; the distribution of attention in different fields and the formation of various interest patterns and interest groups—all this is ignored, and consequently all the problems of primitive mentality tend to be interpreted in magical terms, which is excessive.

For example, Lévy-Bruhl has employed here, as in his previous volume (Les Fonctions Mentales dans les Sociétés Inférieures, 1910) a number of useful terms. Among these is "participation," by which he means a singular merging of personality in surrounding persons and objects. Thus a woman visits the missionary and proposes to take the medicine in place of her sick husband. A man has a mystic connection with a totemic animal, so that when it is thirsty he feels faint, when it is pursued he pants, when it dies he dies; it is, in a manner of speaking, his alter ego, his external soul; if it is a tiger, it may at his wish tear his enemy, or if a snake, poison him. This is the magical participation of personalities, and it is indeed a principle of wide application not only among savages but in Christendom. We read, for example, in 1 Corinthians 7:14: "The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife." And our whole scheme of salvation is, in fact, one of magical participation.

But Lévy-Bruhl extends the principle to cases which do not call for this explanation. When a missionary-doctor cures a certain savage of an ulcer and the savage thereupon demands from him a suit of clothes, or as another instance when the savage is saved from the water and demands a knife, Lévy-Bruhl's interpretation is as follows: The man has a magical identity with his group, he has been "doomed" by unseen powers, his rescue implies the thwarting of these powers who will consequently be vengeful and will eventually demand satisfaction by the death of others of his group, perhaps by visiting the group with pestilence or famine. The rescued person has therefore incurred the enmity of his people or lost status by being saved and he must be indemnified by the white man. But this explanation ignores the other and simpler one that the savage who has been cured or saved by the white man feels that the action is the beginning of a *social* participation between the two, of a solidarity which entitles him to share in all that the white man is able to bestow. Lévy-Bruhl expresses this himself sufficiently: "By looking after him, giving him a home, feeding him, sending him to the hospital, and saving him, the white man has taken charge of him. . . . 'You are now my own white man,' said the man whom Mackenzie had cured of a horrible wound in the face, 'and I shall always come to beg of you.'" But he does not let the matter rest here. He stretches his theory of magical causation to cover the case, and adds: "That means: 'Henceforward. . . . I have the right to reckon on you to compensate me for what your intervention has cost me with the mystic powers upon whom my social group depends, and upon whom I myself have depended until now.'"

It is doubtful also whether the characterization of savage mind as "prelogical" is a useful definition of the situation. It might, indeed, be appropriate to call an animal prelogical, or a race incapable of the mental steps involved in maintaining and defending by argument a given mental position, if such a race existed. But it is conceded by ethnologists that the savage is capable of consistent and connected argument from his own standpoint. A black cannibal can successfully defend the negative position in an argument with the white man on the question: "Resolved that eggs and cheese are a superior diet to human flesh," and Livingstone was certainly worsted in argument by an African rain-maker when he contended that the white man's God might be invoked for rain but not the black man's God. It is true, as Lévy-Bruhl points out, that the savage shows some confusion as to which of several positions he ought to occupy in a given case. If, for example, a crocodile seizes a woman he assumes that this misfortune was mediated by a wizard by virtue of a mystic participation between the wizard and the crocodile, but whether the wizard turned himself into a crocodile or the crocodile acted as the emissary of the wizard is a point on which he is not at all clear. In speaking of the incident he may occupy successively both positions. But these spiritual questions are very confusing at best, and it does not appear that the indeterminateness of the savage is greater than that of the church fathers and later ecclesiastics on questions relating to the Holy Ghost, the Trinity, the immaculate conception, transubstantiation and witchcraft. It was in fact usual at one time for the best white thinkers to occupy alternatively logically contradictory positions. Giordano Bruno expressed surprise when he was condemned in spite of his explanation that in the heretical passages he had been speaking as philosopher and not as theologian.

It is true also that you cannot dislodge the savage by argument from positions which seem impossible from our point of view, because he has different premises. The woman seized by the crocodile was perhaps accompanied by two others, and if the white man argues that it is perfectly natural for a woman to be seized by a crocodile and involves no instigation by a wizard, the savage replies: "But why did he seize the one in the middle and not one of the others?" Similarly, the savage cannot be moved by the white man's argument that the poison ordeal is unfair. To his mind the poison is not strictly a poison but a test. It has the quality of poisoning only those who are guilty and have been "doomed" and "delivered over" by the unseen powers. As a selective agent or detector

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it is infallible. But prepossession by a theory and tenacity in maintaining it is something for which we use other terms than "prelogical." Our own leading eugenist is able to explain a bad Italian boy in New York exclusively on the assumption of a bad piece of germ plasm in Sicily or Calabria, and the eminence of Abraham Lincoln on the basis of putative descent from John Marshall of Virginia. It would be interesting also in this connection to compare the grotesqueries of savage mentality with those of the simon-pure Freudians—with those in Freud's own fictional masterpiece on Leonardo da Vinci, or in his theory of totemism. "Prelogical" is therefore not an apt term since it defines nothing particular to the savage and tends to leave the impression that he is separated logically from modern man in a qualitative way.

W. I. Thomas.

Harvard Poets

Eight More Harvard Poets, edited by S. Foster Damon and Robert Silliman Hillyer. New York: Brentano. $1.50.

THE principle of representation has been pushed rather far by anthologists. Thus, Mr. Louis Untermeyer has included in his American Poetry the clumsy verses of Charlotte Perkins Gilman in order to exemplify social revolt at a certain period in American letters, and the editors of Eight More Harvard Poets in the belief that "there is captured herein an essence of the intellectual temper of undergraduate life" have included as one of the containers of this essence a poem beginning:

> Why did you send your Larry out?
> Major, Major, tell me true.

Yet, in view of the representative principle, it is hard to impeach their taste.

Their volume plots a graph from the abysses of immaturity indicated by the quotation to a well-proportioned height of maturity attained by Malcolm Cowley. Norman Cabot, Jack Merten, Joel T. Rogers and R. Cameron Rogers cluster at the base, and of them it suffices to state that they are still, as is proper, studying at the Academy and so are fitter subjects for instructors than for critics. At intermediate points one finds John Brooks Wheelwright, who has a good essayist's mind which he seems resolute to force into an uncongenial medium; Royall Snow, who has almost no mind but a fine ear and some technical inventiveness (his free verse sonnet is not a negligible form); and Grant Code, whose prologue, Love in Death, is very promising both of his mind and his ability to externalize it. At the top, represented by eleven durable poems, is Malcolm Cowley.

Cowley, one feels, has gone through the Academy and, instead of emerging fettered, is using its training for the purposes of growth. Certainly, it is with the sure hand of one who knows conventional prosody thoroughly that he conducts experiments with irregular rhyme, imperfect rhyme, and variation of metrical and stanzaic structure within the single poem. He has a long range in subject-matter from a description of a lonely rotting farm to the static frozen artificiality of Two Swans: his skill at variation within the poem achieves unusual structural balances: throughout his poetry is chaste in that it is purely literary and without contamination from the arts of music or color. The solid stroking of his poetry has been sprayed with the fixative of a strong intelligence to fortify it against the dissolving forces of surveying intelligences. Even the most colloquial idioms have an underlying rigidity like fresh clean marble. Cowley not only feels, but he perceives his feelings. Through this gift of contemplating steadily and wholly his personal emotions, he essentializes them into art-emotions. He sees where these emotions end, and so it happens that while such poems as Runaway and Day Coach have great emotional distance, they also meet a sharp determinate horizon. The evidence is small, but quite convincing, that Malcolm Cowley is already a very considerable poet.

Gorham B. Munson.

Books in Brief

The Peaks of Shala, by Rose Wilder Lane. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

LONG after the remote uncharted hills of Albania have become the well trodden trails of those who fare, via the south seas, on to still farther outposts of romance, The Peaks of Shala will remain untouched. For Rose Lane has not only strummed on her journalist's guitar of swinging prose, the tale of her adventures in the ravishing highlands behind Scutari; she has created a new pays lointaine. It is a rare travel book in which a country is not only recorded but created. Greek and Italian, the League of Nations and the league of American tourists can open up Albania and deliver it to change; one lover of its traditions of song and the good society, unbroken since long before Athens was a city, has fixed an enduring image.

The journey to the fastnesses where the oldest Aryan stock in Europe has lived so long, where there is still poetry for all and dignity in every fashion, was a journey back into time as well as forward up untravelled hills. Twice-rewarded are those who journey with Mrs. Lane for guide.

E. E.

French Literature during the Last Half Century, by J. W. Cunliffe and Pierre de Bacourt. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A HANDBOOK for students. It discusses in 284 pages the most important late nineteenth century writers (Zola, Maupassant, Daudet, Loti, France, Bourget, Barrès, Maurras, Rolland, Brieux, Rostand, Maeterlinck, and the Symbolists), and in 118 pages, more than a hundred present-day poets, dramatists, and novelists. Although to secure space for biographical and critical matter for the familiar writers of the older schools, the discussion of contemporary work is reduced almost to an annotated list, the book is a useful survey, with valuable detailed bibliographies.

E. R.

Memories of the Nineteenth Century, by Reginald, Twelfth Earl of Meath, K. P. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $7.00.

AN unbelievably complete revelation of a noble lord, host of Carmen Sylva, chairman of all possible social and educational reforms, president of the Church Army. His speeches are mercifully withheld. He reveres and "darlings" a wife, benevolent and conscientious

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like himself, who, probably as stout a nationalist as he, leads him deviously through the court-circles of Europe, establishing branches of the Ministering Children's League. Every duke and earl is numbered. Royalty and near-royalty are meticulously described. Many stories of German malevolence are repeated with unconscious revenge on the German language. The quintessence of Victorianism—no vice, no gossip, no beauty; in their stead a bustling benevolence. A chronicle of externals. A. W. V.

Autobiography of Countess Tolstoy. Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Leonard Woolf. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

THE proportion of text to commentary in this small volume reminds one of a book on, say, the Epistle of James. The Introduction and Notes, however, are very far from regarding the text as infallible. But quite apart from them, the Autobiography reveals the features of a vain and injured woman. In an appendix there is a letter from Tolstoy to his daughter after his departure from home. The purpose of the appendix seems to be the presentation of Tolstoy's side of the case. It is, alas! disillusionizing in the extreme. Both parts of this sad and important book prove that the worst you can do for people is to quote them in their own defence.

A. W. V.

The Doctor Looks at Literature, by Joseph Collins. New York: George H. Doran Company. $4.00.

THIS book is a mass of rather prolix discussions of Joyce, Dostoievsky, Lawrence and other temporal or spiritual moderns. Equipped with no critical criteria other than some knowledge of psychopathology and a moral hyperesthesia, the doctor bangs upon his desk and thunders forth his judgments with many a sonorous period and jaw-breaking phrase. But his audience soon grows weary, and while the doctor looks myopically and somewhat askance at literature, looks elsewhere for entertainment.

J. E. L.

Man's Prehistoric Past, by Harris Hawthorne Wilder. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

THE rapid advance in prehistoric studies is alone sufficient to make this up-to-date presentation welcome both to general readers whose interest is directed toward this fascinating field and to historians who increasingly view their field as inseparable from the long period of prehistoric development. The dating of prehistoric time is of course one of the most difficult of tasks, but Dr. Wilder has attempted to give a chronological record of the steps of culture, beginning with the earliest representatives of man and continuing to the time when men began to write their own history. It is a merit of the volume that the prehistory of the two Americas is especially elaborated.

W. I. T.

Emergent Evolution by C. Lloyd Morgan, Professor Emeritus in the University of Bristol. Gifford Lectures delivered at the University St. Andrews in 1922. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.25.

DO you know what "projicience" means? It is a handy word, as well as a showy one, and you can find out all about it in this book and also add to your vocabulary "ejicience," which is better than it looks. Professor Morgan began with Huxley but has got a long way from him. "Emergent" evolution differs from the ordinary in laying stress upon the incoming of the new, such as a new kind of atom or molecule or the advent of life and mind. The author holds that such a theory of evolution may be strictly naturalistic without being atheistic. He recognizes Einstein's relativity as ruling in the physical world but politely bows him out of the field of pure philosophy. A volume of hard thinking, but not of unnecessarily hard reading. E. E. S.

Consciousness, Life and the Fourth Dimension, by Richard Eriksen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

METAPHYSICAL speculations on the metageometries. Sample sentence: "It is at least reasonable to suppose that the equal uniformity and periodicity, which we must attribute to the world-space as an organic sphairos, in which the energetic extension and the organic intension (or force) coincide, are the outward expression of a state of harmony on the hidden psychic side of the universe needing no descent into matter or motional differentiation for the realisation of its inherent nature, while the psychic state leading to the formation of world-systems may be state of disharmony, or at least of discrepancy between that which is and that which should be, of such a nature that a special externalisation and motional differentiation is needed to the adjustment of it." E. E. S.

Ductless and Other Glands, by Fred E. Wynne. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

A SHORT, sane and simple guide to the new science of endocrinology. The author, a British public officer, carefully explains each new term as he introduces it. How the hormones regulate our growth and control our temperament; what happens when they are deficient or excessive. The author is sceptical but not intolerant of the claims of Steinach and Voronoff to stave off the "black oxen" by transplanting glands. "There is no danger that in the endocrine glands will be found the Elixir of Life."

E. E. S.

Contributors

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